



MUSE OF FIRE

BY PAUL MAGRS

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY
Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED
Time traveller's companion.

HEX: PHILIP OLIVIER
Time traveller's companion.

IRIS WILDTHYME: KATY MANNING
Transtemporal adventuress.

PANDA: DAVID BENSON
Foot-tall art critic.

KEVIN ARCHER: GETHIN ANTHONY
(1 20s) Chicago-born would-be poet.

ISABEL ARCHER: REBECCA LACHANCE
(1 20s) Chicago-born heiress.

DORA MUSE: CHRISTINE KAVANAGH
(40s) Sophisticated bookstore owner and alien from the planet Braak.

ALSO: SALVADOR DALI, WAITER, CONCIERGE.

WILDTRACKS: PASSERSBY, CAFÉ CROWD, SALON GUESTS.

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PART ONE

MUSIC: OPENING THEME.

SCENE 1: EXT. STREET IN ST GERMAIN

FX: 1922 — CARRIAGES, HORSES, CARS. CAFÉ NOISE, BIRDSONG.
TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOORS OPEN, CREW EMERGE.

DOCTOR:

Here we are! At the heart of the civilised universe.

ACE:

I came here on a school trip once. We didn't see much. Didn't even get to the top of the Eiffel Tower because someone was sick halfway.

HEX:

What is it you said you were looking for, Doctor?

FX: LOCKING DOORS.

DOCTOR:

Inspiration, Mister Hex.

HEX:

What kind of inspiration?

DOCTOR:

Breathe in. Doesn't that air set your mind racing with ideas? Doesn't it make your single heart pound?

HEX:

I suppose so...

ACE:

Is there a situation to sort out? A scheme of some kind? What are you up to, Professor...?

DOCTOR:

Nothing.

ACE:

Nothing? Really?

DOCTOR:

Simple relaxation, Ace. Let's enjoy the city. It's 1922 — a vintage year.

FX: CASUAL FOOTSTEPS.

HEX:

What's so great about it?

DOCTOR:

All the great artists and poets are gathered here now. Enjoying the golden age between the two World Wars.

HEX:

I'm not sure I'm bothered about a load of poets. It's not my kind of thing.

ACE:

Nor mine.

DOCTOR:

Picasso is here. Gertrude Stein. Hemingway. Amazing people creating things the world had never seen, or even dreamed of before.

HEX:

If you say so.

ACE:

So where are we heading?

DOCTOR:

I need a map and a newspaper from that kiosk. Hex – you can get us a table.

HEX:

A table?

DOCTOR:

In a café, of course. This is café society.

HEX:

In there? (READING) "The Two... Maggots..."?

DOCTOR:

Les Deux Magots. It's a very famous café. Pop in and find us somewhere to sit. Come along, Ace...

SCENE 2: EXT. STREET OUTSIDE METRO STATION

FX: BUSTLING CROWD. NOISE OF CARRIAGES AND TRAINS.

KEVIN:

(LUGGING LUGGAGE) Isabel, please. Hold up a bit.

ISABEL:

We don't have time to go mooning about all your favourite haunts, Kevin. You did that last night.

KEVIN:

It's not that. These bags are heavy. I'm carrying just about all our worldly possessions...

ISABEL:

Yes, and look at them – it's pitiful. This is all we have to show for ourselves. I'm twenty-seven. You've dragged us all round Europe for three years, with your hare-brained idea of being a poet...

KEVIN:

There's no need to be nasty.

ISABEL:

I'm trying to make you see sense.

KEVIN:

I know. I know you're right.

ISABEL:

Come on. This is our station. Cluny.

SCENE 3: EXT. STREET IN ST GERMAIN

FX: BUSTLING STREET NOISE.

ACE:

So tell me what we're really here for, Professor?

DOCTOR:

Oh, you're so suspicious.

ACE:

There must be something going on here. Something that isn't quite right, or someone mucking about with time and space...

DOCTOR:

Well... maybe.

ACE:

I knew it!

DOCTOR:

I'm not certain. There are just a few things I have to check...

ACE:

This sounds more promising than some boring city break...

DOCTOR:

Let's get that map, shall we?

SCENE 4: EXT. STEPS TO METRO

FX: STREET NOISE, DISTANT TRAINS.

ISABEL:

Look, you wanted to be a poet.

KEVIN:

(LOUDLY [NB: IMPORTANT]) I am a poet, Isabel!! But they wouldn't let me in. The cliques. The salons.

ISABEL:

Paris is filled with Americans wanting to be poets. Everyone comes here from all over the world to be an artist. Not everyone can be the next big thing. Some have to fail.

KEVIN:

But I can just about taste it, Isabel. Success. Freedom. I just need a little longer.

ISABEL:

We're all out of money, Kevin. My father won't bankroll us another week. It's time for us to go home.

KEVIN:

He never truly believed in me, did he?

ISABEL:

He's given us these months here. He gave you this chance.

KEVIN:

Now I'll have to be grateful to him forever. I'll be his failure of a son-in-law.

ISABEL:

He's promised you a job in his firm. A solid job with good prospects. It's time we both faced our responsibilities.

KEVIN:

He runs a paper mill. Of all the ironies. I'm gonna spend the rest of my life making pages. Blank pages for other people to fill.

ISABEL:

Mind the steps, Kevin. (GOING DOWN STEPS) He just thinks that it's time you stopped dreaming, that's all.

KEVIN:

Give up on my dream? I don't think your father even— (MISSES STEP, SLIPS) Aaahh!

FX: CLATTER AS KEVIN TUMBLES DOWN STEPS.

PASSERSBY: (WILDTRACK)
Hey, watch out!
Monsieur?! Be careful!

ISABEL:
Kevin...?

FX: KEVIN AND HEAVY BAGS CLATTERING DOWN TILE STEPS. SKULL
IMPACTS ON TILE.

ISABEL:
(RUSHING UP) Kevin!!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 5: EXT. STREET OUTSIDE METRO STATION [CONTINUOUS]

FX: NEARBY COMMOTION FROM SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

ACE:

Is that a fight breaking out, or what?

DOCTOR:

There's a kerfuffle at the Metro..

ACE:

Let's go and see!

FX: ACE DASHES OFF, DOCTOR FOLLOWS.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 6: EXT. STEPS TO METRO [MOMENTS LATER]

FX: PASSERSBY RUBBERNECKING.

PASSERSBY:

Poor man! He has smashed his skull!
Is he dead?
Is he American...? [ETC]

FX: OVER THIS...

ISABEL:

Help us! Please! Someone please help us! My husband has hit his head on the steps. Oh, please...!

DORA:

(STEPPING FORWARD) Please, let me examine him.

ISABEL:

What are you, some kinda nun? Can you even see through that veil?

FX: RUSHING FOOTSTEPS. DOCTOR STEPS FORWARD.

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor. Please allow me to be of assistance.

ISABEL:

Oh, thank goodness! Someone qualified!

ACE:

Yeah, not that sort of doctor.

DORA:

(SOFTLY) I can do nothing more for him. (EXITS HASTILY)

ISABEL:

Doctor – it's my husband. It's Kevin. I shouldn't have let him carry all the baggage. He was too busy talking... arguing with me, and not looking where he was going. He missed his footing at the top, and... Oh jeepers, is there blood? Is he dead?

KEVIN:

(GROANS, SEMI-CONSCIOUS)

DOCTOR:

He's alive...! But he's banged his head quite badly...

SCENE 7: INT. FANCY CAFÉ

FX: TINKLE OF CROCKERY AND SILVER. CHATTER. GENTLE PIANO MUSIC.

HEX:

Excusez moi – this place is so busy. Would you mind if me and my friends joined you?

IRIS:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Pardon, monsieur?

HEX:

At your table? Could we share it with you?

IRIS:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Ah, oui. But of course. I shall be leaving shortly as it is.

HEX:

Great. (SITTING) Thank you... madame. Me mates'll be along any minute.

IRIS:

(FRENCH ACCENT) It is a rare treat to share a few moments with a young and handsome man. Usually I sit here alone. Quite alone. Watching the world go by.

HEX:

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that...

IRIS:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Sometimes I prefer the solitude. My evenings are so busy... so hectic. My afternoons – I like the peace.

HEX:

Are you from Paris, madame?

IRIS:

(FRENCH ACCENT) I am not a Parisienne, no. Though I have lived on the Ile-Saint-Louis in the middle of the Seine for a little while.

HEX:

Your accent is very... French.

IRIS:

(NORMAL ACCENT FROM HERE) Ooh, do you mind if I drop it, though, chuck? I can't keep it up for long.

HEX:

Oh! You sound... um... Northern. Why are you putting the accent on?

IRIS:

I like to blend in, lovey. It's part of my allure.

HEX:

So where are you from really?

IRIS:

I'm not allowed to divulge that information. Think of me as a beguiling woman of mystery. I live on the island in a tall apartment building overlooking Notre Dame. It's very beautiful.

HEX:

Sounds nice.

IRIS:

You should come up and see me sometime, Mister...?

HEX:

Hex. I'm... just visiting.

IRIS:

Here, lovey. Have one of my cards. My address is on the back...

HEX:

Right.

IRIS:

Tell me, have you ever posed?

HEX:

What?

IRIS:

Don't look so startled, chuck. I'm a patron of many artists. I hold a nightly salon for creative types. It's very glamorous.

HEX:

Is it, now?

IRIS:

Strikes me you'd make a good life model. You've got a physique on you. Call round tonight, after nine. We're always up late, carousing and doing arty things. It's fabulous. If you're very lucky, someone will immortalise you! Now, I must go. Tatty bye, Hex! I mean... au revoir, monsieur!

FX: IRIS SQUEEZES BETWEEN TABLES AND CHAIRS AND EXITS.

SCENE 8: EXT. STEPS TO METRO

KEVIN:

(GROANS) I'm all right... honestly...

ISABEL:

Well, Doc? What's the verdict?

DOCTOR:

So far as I can see – there's nothing broken. I don't think he's even concussed. It's just shock. I'm not surprised.

ISABEL:

But is he well enough to travel? Can we run for a train to meet our ship?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't advise it. He should take it easy for the rest of the day, at least.

ISABEL:

(SARCASTIC) Great...! So we're gonna miss our train from the Gare du Nord! What if we can't transfer our tickets?

ACE:

Look – your bloke's going to be all right. That's the main thing, isn't it?

ISABEL:

Oh, sure. The main thing. My father's going to go crazy. He'll think this is Kevin playing for time and deliberately sabotaging our return to the States.

ACE:

I don't think anyone would deliberately throw themselves down stone steps like these...

ISABEL:

No, you're right... of course you are. I'm just on edge...

KEVIN:

(MOANING) Please, Isabel. Can't we just... go back... to the apartment...?

ISABEL:

Guess it's not like we'd told the landlord we were running out. All right. (TO DOCTOR) Thanks so much for everything, doc. You and your, uh...

ACE:

Just Ace. Look, do you need our help to get Kevin back home?

KEVIN:

No. (GETTING UP) I can walk. I'm okay, I tell you.

ACE:

Well, if you're sure...

DOCTOR:

He's sure. Come along, Ace. *Les Deux Magots* beckons!

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE LEAVE.

ISABEL:

Well, that's our plans ruined...

KEVIN:

(SOMETHING DISTURBING HIM) I... Isabel...?

ISABEL:

What is it?

KEVIN:

(RECITES SPONTANEOUSLY) The faucets of existential urgency /
fructify the crimson moon... /

ISABEL:

What?!

KEVIN:

... and when she stares down the gates of hell / all the rubber
washers need replacing... /

ISABEL:

What are you saying?

KEVIN:

... on our sense of rational selfhood!

ISABEL:

Kevin!

SCENE 9: INT. FANCY CAFÉ

FX: AMBIENCE AS BEFORE.

HEX:

Modelling for painters, eh! Me! What do you reckon?

ACE:

This hot chocolate is amazing.

DOCTOR:

Who was this mystery woman?

HEX:

I don't know.

ACE:

Was she young? Old?

HEX:

It's hard to say. There was something youthful about her. She was mischievous. She was glamorous, too. She had this very strange hat on, and dark glasses...

ACE:

Oh, yeah? Blind, was she?

HEX:

Yeah, cheers, Ace. She wasn't French, I can tell you that much.

ACE:

Why would anyone want to paint you, anyhow?

DOCTOR:

She sounds most intriguing. Perhaps we should all visit this salon of hers on the island...

HEX:

I've put her card somewhere. Hang on...

ACE:

You said you were interested in the artists of this time period, Professor.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I certainly am. Picasso, Matisse. They were doing things with perception that were truly brilliant. They were documenting changes in human consciousness...

ACE:

And you want to go and meet them, of course?

DOCTOR:

If I know my art history, then the place we must go is Montparnasse. Half a mile and about ten blocks south of here. That's where all the painters and collectors are living. Gertrude Stein. She was at the centre of the whole thing..

FX: UNFOLDING MAP.

DOCTOR:

Yes. That's who we ought to locate..

ACE:

I dunno. I'm happy enough here, with my chocolate. Watching the world go by for a bit.

HEX:

That's what that woman said she liked to do.

DOCTOR:

You seem quite taken with her, Hex.

ACE:

Reckon he thinks he's on a promise!

HEX:

Oh, shurrup, Ace. It wouldn't hurt you to knock it off sometimes.

ACE:

I'm only having a laugh..

HEX:

Just because someone was showing some interest in me...! People do, sometimes, you know.

ACE:

All right, we get it.

HEX:

There was something... different about this woman. I can't quite explain it. (STANDS) Look, I'm gonna take a wander. Sorry I was touchy, Ace. Maybe I just need to be on me own for a bit after too long cooped up in the TARDIS.

ACE:

Guess it happens to us all.

HEX:

I might go and explore those islands in the middle of the river.

DOCTOR:

Why not? And in the meantime: Ace and I will go hunting art collectors in Montparnasse.

ACE:

Will we?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Drink up, Ace. We'll meet here for supper, shall we, Mister Hex?

HEX:

Great.

ACE:

Look at us. Making plans. Just like normal people.

DOCTOR:

Is there something wrong with that?

ACE:

No! It's a relief. All right, then – let's go and find this Frankenstein woman...

FX: GETTING UP. CHAIRS SCRAPE.

DOCTOR:

Gertrude Stein. (TO WAITER) Ah, *garcon!*

FX: COINS ON TABLE.

DOCTOR:

The bill – will this suffice?

WAITER:

(TAKING COINS) *Merci, monsieur.*

DOCTOR:

(CONFIDENTIALLY) Tell me, *garcon.* There was a woman here at this table earlier. Do you happen to know her...?

WAITER:

She has been here before.

DOCTOR:

Do you know who she is? Where she is from?

WAITER:

(GALLIC SHRUG) Ha. Paris is filled with mysterious women these days. Where they come from... where they go... Who knows?

SCENE 10: INT. ARCHERS' APARTMENT

FX: KEY IN LOCK OUTSIDE. DOOR OPENS. ISABEL SUPPORTS KEVIN AS THEY ENTER.

KEVIN:

And here we are again. I thought we'd said goodbye to this place.

ISABEL:

Don't go getting ideas, Kevin. As soon as you feel well enough to walk, we're getting away from St Germain.

FX: KICKS DOOR SHUT.

KEVIN:

But we've missed our trains, Isabel. We won't make the ship now.

ISABEL:

They'll honour our tickets. They'll have to.

KEVIN:

We may be stuck here. Indefinitely.

ISABEL:

And you'd love that, wouldn't you? You'd just love the excuse to not leave... Look, just sit down, will you?!

KEVIN:

(SITTING) Hey, calm down...

ISABEL:

How can I be calm? I just about had to drag you way in the first place, and then you go flinging yourself down the Metro steps and then – on top of everything – you have a strange fit and start spouting complete and utter gibberish...!

KEVIN:

Gibberish? Did I? What do you mean?

ISABEL:

You went crazy. Your eyes rolled back in your head. You started coming out with the strangest things...

KEVIN:

Did you write any of it down?

ISABEL:

Write it down?! What? Why would I...?

KEVIN:

I remember words... wonderful words... crowding into my brain. It was like turning on the faucet. I've never felt like that before... Words and more words, spilling over... (RECITES AGAIN) 'On the basement wall illustrated with the distinctiveness / A compression faucet and not the systematic... /'

ISABEL:

Are you saying you're well enough to leave?

KEVIN:

Why couldn't you have just written down what I said? Why couldn't you do that little thing for me? You idiot. You total idiot.

ISABEL:

How dare you, Kevin?!

KEVIN:

I've got words... words at last...!

FX: JUMPS UP, STEPS ACROSS ROOM, THROWS OPEN DOOR.

ISABEL:

Wait! Where are you going?

KEVIN:

Out of here! Away from you!

FX: SLAMS DOOR.

ISABEL:

Kevin!

SCENE 11: **EXT. RUE DE FLEURUS**

FX: SUBDUED STREET NOISE, BIRDSONG. FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

DOCTOR:

These iron gates. This is it. And that apartment up there. Number Twenty-seven, Rue De Fleurus. It's an historically important address.

ACE:

So, this Gertrude woman and her girlfriend Alice, they were the ones who bought paintings by mega-famous artists, but before anyone had ever heard of them? That's what you're saying?

DOCTOR:

That's about the measure of it. She was a critic and an experimental writer. She liked to think she was making everything new.

ACE:

They sound like your kind of people.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I've often meant to drop in. I've never met Pablo Picasso before. Or any of this lot, for that matter.

FX: RINGS OLD-FASHIONED MECHANICAL DOORBELL.

ACE:

It doesn't look very lively...

DOCTOR:

I believe they all slept in through the day. They worked and partied all night long. The bohemian day never really started until twilight...

ACE:

The same as for vampires...

DOCTOR:

I'll ring again...

FX: RING. DOOR OPENS. CONCIERGE BUSTLES OUT.

CONCIERGE:

Shoo! Shoo! Quick! Shoo!

DOCTOR:

Ah, a concierge! Bonjour, Madame!

CONCIERGE:

We don't want anything today, thank you.

DOCTOR:

We are visitors, not tradespeople.

CONCIERGE:

Who are you visiting?

DOCTOR:

Madame Stein and her companion, Miss Alice B. Toklas.

CONCIERGE:

You'll be lucky.

DOCTOR:

Pardon? Are they not in?

CONCIERGE:

They have done a – what you call it? – a flit.

DOCTOR:

What? And left the Rue de Fleurus?

CONCIERGE:

I am very sorry, Monsieur, but you have missed them.

DOCTOR:

But it's only 1922! Where have they gone?

CONCIERGE:

They packed up all their books and those terrible ugly paintings they bought from all those layabouts. Ah, so many crates. I almost broke my back helping them. And off they went into the sunset.

DOCTOR:

But where have they gone? They aren't supposed to leave!

CONCIERGE:

Back to America. Where else?

ACE:

What's the matter, Professor? You look shocked.

CONCIERGE:

Madame Stein bought herself a farm in – let me see – Kansas, I think she said. She is turning her back on the world of art and literature. She has had enough, she said. She is completely cheesed off with it all.

DOCTOR:

When was this?

CONCIERGE:

Two, perhaps three, months ago. Their apartment is empty. So sad. Also sad, I am still awaiting the final month's rent.

ACE:

Professor, you've got *that* look on your face.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Madame.

CONCIERGE:

If you contact her, tell her she owes the landlord money. Tell her the concierge is getting it in the neck. But also tell her I send kind regards.

FX: STOMPING AWAY. DOOR SLAMS.

DOCTOR:

I will indeed.

ACE:

Professor?

DOCTOR:

She shouldn't be in Kansas, she should be here. She needs to be here. There's something very wrong here, Ace...

SCENE 12: **EXT. BRIDGE OVER SEINE**

FX: CARRIAGES, WATER SWISHING BELOW, GULLS. DALI SMASHING WOODEN PICTURE FRAMES, TEARING CANVAS, DROPPING PAINTINGS INTO RIVER.

DALI:
Hopeless! Useless! Rubbish! Pathetic!

HEX:
Hey, what are you doing...?

FX: HEX HURRIES ALONG PAVEMENT, UP STEPS, APPROACHING DALI.

DALI:
Waste of time! What was I thinking?

HEX:
What's up? What are you doing this for?

DALI:
Mind your own business.

HEX:
Are these your pictures?

DALI:
Of course they are mine. Do you think I would waste my time throwing someone else's works of art into the Seine?

HEX:
But you're ruining them! It must have taken you years to paint all these...

DALI:
And they're all completely hopeless! Just look at them! Who in their right mind would think these were any good?

HEX:
What's wrong with them?

DALI:
They are silly. They look like a crazy person has dreamed them up. Look at these giraffes wearing hats. Ridiculous.

HEX:
Well, they aren't my kind of thing. Actually... the style looks a bit familiar...

DALI:

Oh, why couldn't I have been content with a nice bowl of fruit, eh? Or a pretty lady reclining on a sheet? Why did I have to push the boat out? Melting clocks, indeed!

FX: FURTHER SMASHES, CRASHES, SPLASHES.

HEX:

Don't! Please stop. You'll never get them back. One day you'll regret this... I'm telling you...

DALI:

No, I won't. I have made up my mind. I have realised that I have no place in the pantheon of truly great artists.

HEX:

Your stuff looks all right to me. Looks a bit... surreal.

DALI:

Pah! Gimmicks! Stupidity! The great critic is quite right in his pronouncements. I have no talent. I have no right to be here in Paris, idling my time away, painting lobsters in bonnets on bicycles, and so forth. I am a fool.

HEX:

A critic told you to stop?

DALI:

He is notoriously savage, but he was right. Mr Bair of the art journal *Le Pampelmousse*. He is notorious for telling poor artists just to stop what they're doing, give up and go home.

HEX:

Oh, man. You shouldn't let critics put you off. If you want to paint... just paint! Forget critics!

DALI:

It is too late now! My art career is over! My paintings are floating in messy pieces down the Seine...

HEX:

I did try to stop you!

DALI:

Now, no-one but you will even remember that Salvador Dali was here!

HEX:

Wait – who?

DALI:

I will return to Spain and go to work in a bank. It's the only way. I leave my dreams in soggy tatters.

HEX:

Salvador Dali? The Dali?

DALI:

It is too late. Goodbye!

FX: DALI RUNNING AWAY.

HEX:

Now, that was just *weird*.

SCENE 13: **EXT. PAVEMENT CAFÉ**

FX: CHATTER AND CLATTER OF CUPS. ACCORDION MUSIC. CARS AND CARRIAGES. ACE APPROACHES KEVIN'S TABLE.

ACE:

Hey, Kevin! It's Kevin, isn't it?

KEVIN:

Yes, yes it is.

ACE:

I'm glad to see you're feeling better.

KEVIN:

What do you mean?

ACE:

After you took your tumble.

KEVIN:

And hit my head, yes... I'm okay. I'm fine.

ACE:

Do you mind if I sit with you? The Professor's off looking for some bookshop, or something. I said I'd wait here, at Café Select, because the outside tables looked so nice in the sun. Where's Isabel?

KEVIN:

Who?

ACE:

Look, are you sure you should be out and about?

KEVIN:

This is where the poets sit. Here on the café terrace with our notebooks out like this, and we wait for great thoughts to come to us. We wait for our Muse to descend.

ACE:

Oh, yes?

KEVIN:

(RECITES) The authentic experience of selfhood / Wanes with the moon's last quarter / in the isolation of a ceramic valve.

ACE:

What did you say?

KEVIN:

Fructify the crimson moon / when she stares down the gates of hell / and all the rubber washers need replacing...

ACE:

You sure you're all right, mate?

KEVIN:

I feel absolutely wonderful. Don't you see? Can't you hear it?

ACE:

Hear what?

FX: CHAIRS SCRAPE AS KEVIN STANDS ABRUPTLY.

CAFÉ CROWD:

(MUTTERING CROSSLY)

ACE:

Hey, watch out, mate – you're knocking into other people...

KEVIN:

I don't care about other people. For too long I've listened to what other people think. What does genius care about other people?

ACE:

Genius?! Calm down, Kevin...

KEVIN:

(DECLAIMS) The isolation of a ceramic valve / a leak developed in Hegel's thoughts / trumpeting a decade in Satan's affections...

CAFÉ CROWD:

(LAUGHTER, RUDE JEERS)

ACE:

Kevin...!

KEVIN:

Don't you see? The words... the beautiful words! They're coming to me now, unbidden! At last! I am a true poet!

FX: SHOVES TABLES, KEVIN STAGGERING AWAY.

CAFÉ CROWD:

(JEERING, LAUGHING)

ACE:

Kevin! Come back!

SCENE 14: **EXT. BOOKSHOP**

FX: MUTED STREET NOISE.

DOCTOR:

Aha! This looks like just the place.

FX: OPENS DOOR. BELL TINKLES. HEX RUNS UP.

HEX:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

There you are, Hex. You caught me just as I was about to do some browsing. In this very famous bookshop...

HEX:

(READS SIGN) Dickens and Company.

DOCTOR:

What?

HEX:

That's what the sign says.

DOCTOR:

You're right. How very odd. But this is the Rue De L'Odeon. It's should really be Shakespeare and Company. This is quite wrong.

HEX:

What's in a name?

DOCTOR:

There are a few things that aren't quite right here...

HEX:

That's why I was running. I was going to tell you, I saw something... well, you'd have to call it surreal...

DOCTOR:

Oh, yes?

HEX:

I saw Salvador Dali up on a bridge over the river and he was destroying all his paintings...

DOCTOR:

The actual Salvador Dali?

HEX:

As far as I could tell. He had the funny moustache and everything. I thought he was familiar-looking, and then when he started talking..

DOCTOR:

Come inside the shop. Tell me in here.

FX: PUSHES DOOR, INTO..

SCENE 15: **INT. BOOKSHOP [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: BELL TINKLES AS THEY ENTER. STEPS ON FLOORBOARDS.

HEX:

Wow. What a place.

DOCTOR:

It's rather quaint, isn't it? But it's still wrong. Wrong name. Details are slightly different. And you say Dali was destroying his paintings?

HEX:

He was chucking the bits into the river. It was heartbreaking really. He said bad reviews had put him off.

DOCTOR:

You should never read reviews. I find it's best. This is all most intriguing..

HEX:

So what's going on here, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Gertrude is missing, too. We're in Paris and things have been altered. Reality has been rewritten. But who by, hmm?

SCENE 16: **EXT. QUIET STREET**

FX: KEVIN RUNNING ON COBBLES. ACE PURSUING.

KEVIN:

For the first time in my life... I actually feel completely free!

ACE:

Kevin, wait... Slow down!

KEVIN:

I've dreamed about this. This feeling. I've imagined all my life what it would be like. And then, at the very last moment...

ACE:

You're not making any sense...

FX: SLOW TO A HALT.

KEVIN:

It makes perfect sense to me. Look at me, Ace. What do you see?

ACE:

Huh? I don't know. A young guy. American. Good-looking, I suppose.

KEVIN:

Ordinary. Plain and straightforward. My father was a farmer, Ace. I was the first in our family to go away to college. We had only two books in our house when I was a boy.

ACE:

You've done well for yourself...

KEVIN:

Have I? Isabel would tell you - I'm nothing but a clerk in her Daddy's firm. Since I married her we've been living off his generosity. And I'm pathetic. I've taken their money. I'll take anything the Archers will dish out. So long as I can get to stay here...

ACE:

Don't upset yourself...

KEVIN:

I just wanted to be a poet. I wanted to sit outside the Select or the Rotonde... writing in my notebook... and looking just like a poet.

ACE:

You look like a poet to me.

KEVIN:

I do? Oh, what do you know? What does everyone know?

ACE:

Come on, let's get you back to Isabel.

KEVIN:

She doesn't understand me. She just wants us to go back to Chicago. So I can work in a factory. Making empty pages. For other people.

ACE:

I think all the caffeine has gone to your head...

KEVIN:

All I wanted was to be asked – just once – to go to the salon. To go there and maybe to read aloud a poem or two. I'd show them! Then they'd see! I'd prove myself to them!

ACE:

What salon?

KEVIN:

The most famous one. The only salon worth attending. It's on the island. The salon of Madame Wildthyme!

ACE:

(NOT RECOGNISING NAME) Madame who...?!

SCENE 17: **INT. BOOKSHOP**

FX: FOOTSTEPS ON FLOORBOARDS.

HEX:

Doctor! Come and see this!

DOCTOR:

I wonder who the owner is? It feels oddly neglected in here...

HEX:

Look what I've found.

FX: FOOTSTEPS TOWARDS HEX.

DOCTOR:

Oh, a little office under the stairs...

FX: BOOKS DISLODGED, TUMBLING.

HEX:

It's all a bit cramped. Books everywhere...

DOCTOR:

There's nothing like a really messy bookshop, don't you think?

HEX:

All this mess gives me a headache.

DOCTOR:

Really? I rather love it. You can't go far wrong in a bookshop. A really good, messy, old-fashioned bookshop.

HEX:

That's all well and good. But look at this on the wall.

FX: FLICKERING NOISE OF DORA'S MAP.

DOCTOR:

Oh my goodness. How very interesting.

HEX:

It's a map.

DOCTOR:

Yes, obviously. It's a map of Paris as it is in 1922, but...

HEX:

But what are all these lights?

DOCTOR:

Like little living flames...

HEX:

They are flames. In tiny glass bulbs.

DOCTOR:

Such a strange technology.

HEX:

But what is it?

DOCTOR:

Each flame is labelled, look. Tiny handwriting. Names. There's your Dali, look.

HEX:

They're moving... He's leaving the city. Just as he said he would.

DOCTOR:

Some are less famous. (READING) "Kevin Archer." I wonder...

HEX:

So these are the current locations of certain people who are in Paris right now? And the flames represent – what? Their life force...?

DOCTOR:

Something like that. Something peculiar.

HEX:

But how is it even possible, in 1922, for something like this to exist...?

DOCTOR:

Hex! Don't touch it!

HEX:

Why...?

FX: HUGE, SHRIEKING ALARM SOUNDS.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Because we might draw attention to ourselves! Too late! RUN!!

HEX:

(OVER NOISE) That noise, Doctor! It's like it's drilling into my brain! Doctor...!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

HEX:

So these are the current locations of certain people who are in Paris right now? And the flames represent – what? Their life force...?

DOCTOR:

Something like that. Something peculiar.

HEX:

But how is it even possible, in 1922, for something like this to exist...?

DOCTOR:

Hex! Don't touch it!

HEX:

Why...?

FX: *HUGE, SHRIEKING ALARM SOUNDS.*

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Because we might draw attention to ourselves! Too late! RUN!!

HEX:

(OVER NOISE) That noise, Doctor! It's like it's drilling into my brain! Doctor...!

SCENE CONTINUES:

SCENE 18: INT. BOOKSHOP [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DOCTOR PICKING UP HEAVY BOOKS.

DOCTOR:

(OVER NOISE) Here, Hex! Take these! Hurry!

HEX:

(OVER NOISE) This is no time to start a book!

DOCTOR:

(OVER NOISE) They're not for reading! Put them over your ears to muffle the sound!

HEX:

(OVER NOISE) (TAKING BOOKS) Genius!

DOCTOR:

(OVER NOISE) Now run!!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 19: **EXT. BOOKSHOP [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: SCREECHING ALARM CONTINUES INSIDE BOOKSHOP. COUPLE OF BEATS, THEN BELL JANGLES AS DOCTOR AND HEX RACE OUTSIDE. DOCTOR PULLS DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM. BELL JANGLES AGAIN.

HEX:

(BREATHLESS) Ohh. Thought my brain was gonna turn to mush in there. Nice idea with these books, though.

DOCTOR:

Marcel Proust. The first two volumes of *À la recherche du temps perdu*.

HEX:

Good, are they?

DOCTOR:

They can't be easily summarised. But they are very long. And therefore very absorbent.

FX: POLICE WHISTLES IN THE NEXT STREET, APPROACHING.

HEX:

It's the bizzies...!

DOCTOR:

Gendarmes, Hex.

HEX:

I don't care what they're called! We need to get out of here!

FX: THEY START RUNNING AWAY. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 20: EXT. SIDE STREET [FEW MOMENTS LATER]

FX: HEX AND DOCTOR RUN TO A HALT.

DOCTOR:

Stop, Hex!

HEX:

Yeah, I reckon they can't have seen us. They must be checking on the shop.

DOCTOR:

Indeed.

HEX:

That map thing on the wall... it doesn't belong on this planet, does it?

DOCTOR:

Nor in this time.

HEX:

So it's just as well we're here, isn't it?

FX: DISTANT NOTRE DAME IS TOLLING NINE IN THE BACKGROUND (JUGGLE EXACTLY WHEN IT BEGINS TO FIT WITH SECOND DOCTOR LINE BELOW).

HEX:

Those little flames... They were like the life essences of actual people... somehow trapped in those tiny bulbs. But that's impossible, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

Is it?

HEX:

Surely?

DOCTOR:

We don't know what kind of alien life we're dealing with. Or what they can do. (HEARING DISTANT BELL) Now, by the chimes of Notre Dame, it's seven... eight... nine o'clock.

HEX:

Erm... I'll see you later, if you don't mind, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Where are you going? We need to meet Ace at the Café Select!

FX: FOOTSTEPS AWAY

HEX:

(CALLING BACK) Sorry, I've an appointment with the lady from the Deux Magots...!

DOCTOR:

(TUTS TO SELF) I hope you know what you're getting yourself into... Mister Hex.

FX: TURNS AND WALKS OFF. FADE.

SCENE 21: **EXT. OUTSIDE IRIS' SALON**

FX: DISTANT CHATTER, JAUNTY CABARET PIANO MUSIC. HEX WALKS TO STOP OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

HEX:

This must be the place. Quai D'Anjou. And it definitely sounds like there's a party going on somewhere upstairs...

FX: FRONT DOOR OPENS. PARTY NOISE A FRACTION LOUDER.

HEX:

Hello?

FX: PARTY GUEST STAGGERING DOWN STEPS. HEX WALKS UP TO MEET HIM.

PARTY GUEST:

Hello!

HEX:

Is this the salon? For... artists, and that?

PARTY GUEST:

They are all upstairs. Showing off. Cavorting. It's a viper's nest of hangers-on and sycophants. – I say, you don't look the usual type.

HEX:

I'm not an artist.

PARTY GUEST:

You're not? Good luck.

HEX:

Thanks, mate.

SCENE 22: **EXT. OUTSIDE CAFÉ SELECT [LATER]**

FX: FADE UP. CHATTER, CLINKING, MUSIC. DOCTOR APPROACHING.

ACE:

There you are at last!

FX: DOCTOR PULLS UP CHAIR AND SITS.

DOCTOR:

I got a little caught up in a bookshop...

ACE:

Typical. (CONFIDENTIALLY) Word of advice: don't have the absinthe.

DOCTOR:

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder... But it tastes horrible.

ACE:

Let's have some more of that hot chocolate.

DOCTOR:

What a very good idea.

ACE:

You've missed Kevin. He was here, and he was pretty much recovered from his bang on the head. Except he wasn't. Suddenly he went a bit funny and he was coming out with all this rubbish...

DOCTOR:

Oh dear. Perhaps he did have concussion after all. Was his wife with him?

ACE:

No. But now he's gone back to their apartment to make it up with her. I told him he should. Apparently they'd had words...

DOCTOR:

Young love, eh?

ACE:

He reckons the bang on the head has done him some good. Suddenly he's got all these ideas. The Muse has come to him at last, or something.

DOCTOR:

The Muse, eh? I wish the waiter would notice us. (CLICKS FINGERS) Garcon. (AGAIN) Garcon!

ACE:

You're too inconspicuous. (STANDS AND SHOUTS) Oi, mate!

DOCTOR:

Shush, Ace. You'll cause a scene.

ACE:

Did you find what you wanted at the bookshop?

DOCTOR:

Actually, I found Hex and we... sort of set off a burglar alarm.

ACE:

(LAUGHING) How?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. We were nosing about where we shouldn't. There was a little office and a map... An impossible map.

ACE:

Oh yeah...?

DOCTOR:

A map of souls. That's what it was.

ACE:

Who does it belong to?

DOCTOR:

Whoever owns the bookshop.

ACE:

Who is?

DOCTOR:

They didn't show themselves. But I intend to find out. Tomorrow. As soon as it open its doors again.

SCENE 23: INT. IRIS' SALON

FX: RAUCOUS PARTY. CHATTER. PIANO.

HEX:

(PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH CROWD) Scuse me. Scuse me. I'm looking for the hostess-

IRIS:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) That'll be me. Hello there!

HEX:

Madame! Do you remember me? We met at the café in St Germain... and you said to come along to your party...

IRIS:

Course I remember you, chuck.

HEX:

This is quite some party...

IRIS:

I told you it'd be fabulous. Here, take my hand. We'll have to push through.

HEX:

Er, right - OK, Madame Wildthyme.

IRIS:

Oh, don't be so formal, lovey. Call me Iris.

HEX:

Iris?

IRIS:

I'm your lovely old Aunty Iris. Who lives in a grand old mansion on the Ile-Saint Louis in Paris in 1922. And who surrounds herself with wonderful writers and artists and intellectuals. And also - gorgeous young men.

HEX:

Uh - thanks!

IRIS:

Now, tell me about you, Hex. How do you come to be in the city, eh? What brought you here?

HEX:

Trust me, you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

IRIS:

Oh, I might. You never know.

HEX:

I travel. All over the place. With these friends of mine. A girl and an... older gentleman. Actually, he's a really clever fella. A genius, I suppose. You might like to meet him.

IRIS:

You should have brought him along to my salon.

HEX:

You said you just wanted me. To... model for your artist friends.

IRIS:

Oh, yes. So I did. I'm so glad you've come along. Perhaps we can ask your friends another time...

HEX:

Yeah.

IRIS:

I do like a proper knees-up. Come on, let's go and meet some people. They'll all love you, I'm sure. (CALLING) Coming through! Excusez-nous! Coming through!

FX: THEY WADE INTO THE THRONG. FADE.

SCENE 24: **EXT. BOOKSHOP**

FX: FADE UP. BIRDSONG, MUTED EARLY TRAFFIC. DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. KNOCKS POLITELY.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT) Hello, hello! It's quite early – sorry! But I have an emergency! I need something to read!

FX: DOOR OPENS. BELL JANGLES.

DORA:

Yes, hello?

DOCTOR:

Ah, you must be the owner– (BREAKS OFF) Wait, weren't you there yesterday, at the Metro? When Mr Archer had his accident?

DORA:

I am Dora Muse. This is my shop.

DOCTOR:

And a very famous shop it is! One of the landmarks of literary Paris!

DORA:

It isn't open today. I've got an awful head.

DOCTOR:

That's a very fetching mantilla you're wearing, Ms Muse. Are you Spanish, or are you just sensitive to the sun?

DORA:

Don't ask personal questions. It isn't polite.

FX: STEPS OUT. CLOSES DOOR – BELL JANGLES. LOCKS DOOR THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

The sun is quite bright today. Are you sure you'll be all right?

DORA:

Sunlight troubles me, yes. That is why every day, around this time, I like to take a constitutional in the Jardin du Luxemburg, before it reaches its zenith.

DOCTOR:

Ah! – so you must have been coming back this way when I saw you before.

DORA:

I suppose I must.

DOCTOR:

Please: may I walk with you, Ms Dora Muse?

DORA:

If you must, you strange little man.

DOCTOR:

It's a beautiful park, I hear..

FX: WALKING TOGETHER.

SCENE 25: **EXT. OUTSIDE CAFÉ SELECT**

FX: LESS BUSY THAN THE NIGHT BEFORE. MURMURS, TINKLING CROCKERY.

HEX:

Mind if I sit down, miss?

ACE:

I think you better had. (FX: AS HEX DRAWS UP A CHAIR) Hex mate, you look terrible.

HEX:

(SITTING) That coffee still hot?

ACE:

I'll pour you some. And, look – croissants.

FX: POURING COFFEE. CLINKING. SIPPING.

HEX:

Magic. (SIPS COFFEE)

ACE:

So...? Where did you get to last night?

HEX:

Went to this party at the top of this amazing house. I thought we had some wild times when I was a student nurse, but this topped the lot...

ACE:

Wish I'd gone now.

HEX:

Oh, this coffee's hitting the spot. (SIPS AGAIN)

SCENE 26: **EXT. PARK**

FX: BIRDSONG, FOOTSTEPS.

DORA:

Are you new to Paris, Monsieur...?

DOCTOR:

Doctor, actually.

DORA:

Doctor Actually?

DOCTOR:

I haven't been to Paris for about two hundred years. It's not how I expected it.

DORA:

Paris can be mysterious. As mysterious as a bookseller in a black lace mantilla who has all kinds of rare items in her strange store... (LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:

No, things are not quite as they should be. People have gone missing.

DORA:

That's life. Everything changes. That's what I find, anyway.

DOCTOR:

For example. Gertrude Stein has abandoned Paris. Now she's a farmer in Kansas.

DORA:

I know! And she seemed so settled here. With her funny, cross-looking girlfriend and all those pictures.

DOCTOR:

Also, Salvador Dali has destroyed all his paintings.

DORA:

No great loss, perhaps.

DOCTOR:

It's as if someone is tampering with history. What about Ernest Hemingway?

DORA:

Ah, poor Ernest! He went to Spain last autumn to become a bullfighter. He hasn't returned. I fear the worst.

DOCTOR:

What about James Joyce?

DORA:

He was writing the most wonderful novel, very slowly. We were all giving him hand-outs and loans so he could finish it. Bits of it had been published in magazines and the world was scandalised by it. We were all enthralled by his daring and his experimentalism.

DOCTOR:

And then?

DORA:

Then he got the worst review of his life from a small quarterly journal published here in Paris. It was such a terrible review that he immediately lost heart. He went back to Ireland and gave up writing completely.

DOCTOR:

He didn't!

DORA:

He did.

DOCTOR:

No, I mean, historically – he didn't.

DORA:

I'm not sure what you mean, Doctor. But the James Joyce I know now works in a pub in Ireland, collecting empties and drinking slops.

DOCTOR:

This journal that reviewed him...

DORA:

And Hemingway. And Stein. It reviewed them all. And savaged them. It's called... Le Pampelmousse. I have some copies in my shop. Would you like to see them?

DOCTOR:

Indeed I would.

SCENE 27: **EXT. OUTSIDE CAFÉ SELECT**

FX: CAFÉ CHATTER, TINKLING, TRAFFIC.

ACE:

By the way, the Professor has found some kind of mystery to investigate, so he's happy enough...

HEX:

Yeah, I know. I was with him in the bookshop [when...]

FX: KEVIN AND ISABEL APPROACH.

ISABEL:

Good morning... do you mind if we join you?

ACE:

Isabel, Kevin... no, of course not.

FX: PULLING UP CHAIRS.

ISABEL:

Kevin tells me that you were kind to him last night, when he was taken unwell.

ACE:

Hey, no problem.

ISABEL:

Since his little tumble, he hasn't quite been himself.

KEVIN:

What are you saying? Actually, I've never felt more like myself than I have during the past twenty-four hours...

ISABEL:

Sit quietly, Kevin. I'll order us some coffee.

KEVIN:

Do you know what? All my life I've sat quietly. I've said and done the right things. But not any more. (LOUD) I have found my poet's voice!

HEX:

Steady on, soft lad, my head's splitting.

ISABEL:

Shush, Kevin. Everyone's looking at us. We need to talk sensibly about getting home...

HEX:

What's his problem?

KEVIN:

(DECLAIMS) The moon and her sallow cogitations / Oh, do not inflict your leaking valves on Hegel...

ACE:

He's off again.

ISABEL:

Calm down, Kevin. Enough with the poems.

KEVIN:

Stop suppressing my work! Quit silencing my voice!

FX: SHAKING ISABEL.

ISABEL:

Get off! Someone get him off me!

HEX:

Hey, lad – don't go grabbing her. Leave her alone.

KEVIN:

Shut up! Just – leave me alone!

FX: KEVIN PUSHES THROUGH TABLES AND STORMS OFF.

CAFÉ CROWD:

(MUTTERS AND COMPLAINTS)

ACE:

I'll go after him...

FX: ACE HURRIES OFF.

HEX:

Are you all right, love?

ISABEL:

Yes, yes. I'm fine. I'm just feeling queasy... He wouldn't ever hurt me. I'm sure he wouldn't. Even when he's gripped by complete madness like that...

HEX:

I really didn't like that look in his eye.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 28: **EXT. BACK STREET**

FX: KEVIN RUNNING DOWN COBBLES, PURSUED BY ACE. DISTANT TRAFFIC.

ACE:

Kevin – wait!

FX: KEVIN SLOWS AND SITS ON GROUND. ACE CATCHES UP.

KEVIN:

Go back. I can't talk to anyone. I can't be around anyone.

ACE:

You really scared Isabel. The way you grabbed her like that. That's not on, mate.

KEVIN:

Who?

ACE:

Your wife.

KEVIN:

I need to write. Everything that's crowding into my head... I need to write it down.

ACE:

Okay... Whatever. I'll leave you to it.

FX: DOCTOR APPROACHING.

DOCTOR:

Ace! Am I too late for breakfast?

ACE:

Yes! Where have you been?

DOCTOR:

Come with me and I'll tell you.

ACE:

More investigating?

DOCTOR:

Why is Mr Archer sitting in the gutter like that?

ACE:

He's writing poems.

DOCTOR:

Fair enough. He looks quite happy. Come along, Ace.

ACE:

We're going now, Kevin.

KEVIN:

Good.

DOCTOR:

Ace!

FX: WALKING QUICKLY.

ACE:

So where are we going?

DOCTOR:

A certain office on the Ile-de-la-Cite. It's the home of a very small literary journal.

ACE:

Why are we going there...?

DOCTOR:

It's become suddenly influential. A little too influential, I believe. So I want a word with the editor..

SCENE 29: EXT. OUTSIDE CAFÉ SELECT

FX: PAVEMENT CAFÉ AMBIENCE.

ISABEL:

I must apologise – my husband really is much nicer than this, most of the time.

HEX:

I believe you. I guess he's under some kind of strain at the moment.

ISABEL:

I fear he's cracking up... because of me. Because I'm asking him to give up all of his dreams.

HEX:

He's not happy, I can see that.

ISABEL:

Yes. You seem like a good and patient man, Mr...?

HEX:

Just Hex.

ISABEL:

If only Kevin could get some recognition for what he's trying to do. If only he'd published some poems, and got through to someone... If only he'd found a bit of success. Then maybe my father would listen. He'd help us out some more... if only he could see a future in it...

HEX:

So is he any cop as a poet, really?

ISABEL:

Don't ask me. It all sounds like pure gibberish to me. But then – all poetry does. It's like Kevin always says. I don't have an artistic bone in my body.

HEX:

Bit harsh.

ISABEL:

It's true, though. I feel a bit of a philistine around him.

HEX:

Hey, I just thought – the salon! He could go to the salon where I was last night. There were all kinds of people there. And they were very welcoming...

ISABEL:

Where?

HEX:

We'll take him! People were just getting up and reading out their poems and stuff. And others were clapping and yelling out. That would cheer him up, wouldn't it?

ISABEL:

What a great idea!

HEX:

And some of the stuff they were reading out – it was just rubbish, you know.

ISABEL:

So Kevin should be okay, you mean?

HEX:

Look, I didn't mean to be rude...

ISABEL:

It's all right. Thank you, Hex. At least this way he'll be heard and if it goes well, he'll be happy.

HEX:

I'll be glad to take you there. I've got a standing invite to the salon of Madame Wildthyme...!

ISABEL:

Let's go and find Kevin and tell him!

SCENE 30: INT. PAMPELMOUSSE BUILDING – HALL/STAIRS

FX: DOOR PUSHED OPEN. ACE AND THE DOCTOR STEP INSIDE HALL.
DISTANT TYPING.

DOCTOR:
Hello?

ACE:
It seems deserted...

DOCTOR:
No, listen. That's the sound of reviews being written.
Upstairs.

FX: TYPING GETS LOUDER AS THEY CLIMB WOODEN STAIRCASE...

ACE:
Bad reviews.

DOCTOR:
Reviews so bad they can make people give up their endeavours.
Forever.

ACE:
Is it my imagination, or is this staircase getting narrower?

DOCTOR:
No, it's getting very narrow indeed...

ACE:
And... the ceiling's getting lower...

DOCTOR:
These funny old medieval buildings... they're always crooked
inside...

ACE:
It's getting tinier in here...

FX: FOOTSTEPS.

DOCTOR:
Here's the door. (READING) "Le Pampelmousse. Monsieur
L'Editeur."

FX: DOCTOR KNOCKS ON DOOR.

DOCTOR:
Er, hello?

PANDA:

(OFF) Go away. I'm extremely busy.

ACE:

We're not going to leave it at that, are we?

DOCTOR:

No.

FX: OPENS DOOR, INTO...

SCENE 31: INT. PAMPELMOUSSE OFFICE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE STEPPING INTO OFFICE. TYPING STOPS.

DOCTOR:
Hello, there!

PANDA:
What?

ACE:
(SURPRISED) Doctor, it's...

DOCTOR:
Yes, it's the editor of the esteemed journal, "Le Pampelmousse".

ACE:
But it's...

DOCTOR:
A very important art critic – yes, indeed. Forgive my colleague's lamentable lack of manners, Mr Bair...

PANDA:
Bear?!

DOCTOR:
I was told your name was Mr Bair...

PANDA:
Someone is pulling your leg. I am Panda. Who the devil might you be?

DOCTOR:
I'm the Doctor and this is Ace.

PANDA:
What?! You're... *him*?

DOCTOR:
Oh, you've heard of me?

PANDA:
Er, no, not at all. Never.

FX: RESUMES TYPING.

PANDA:
Shove off now, there's a good fellow.

DOCTOR:

Actually, Panda. We're here because of your reviews.

PANDA:

Oh yes?

DOCTOR:

They're causing all kinds of ructions.

PANDA:

I can't help that.

DOCTOR:

You're upsetting people.

PANDA:

That's my job.

DOCTOR:

I think you might need to lighten up a little.

PANDA:

People are far too precious these days.

ACE:

Look here, mate. The Doctor's trying to have a word with you.

PANDA:

Oh, it's her, is it? The rowdy one.

ACE:

What? Look, you...

DOCTOR:

Don't aggravate him, Ace.

PANDA:

I'll punch her on the hooter.

ACE:

Doctor – why are we arguing with a stuffed Panda toy?

PANDA:

Toy?!

ACE:

And how come it's even alive?

DOCTOR:

I'll explain later.

PANDA:

I'm boggling my eyes at you, young woman. I think you're extremely rude.

ACE:

I don't give a stuff what you think.

DOCTOR:

Enough! Panda – we're here to ask you to take back some of the nasty things you've written.

PANDA:

Absolutely not! Go boil your head.

DOCTOR:

I invite you to think again.

PANDA:

How dare you impugn my critical integrity?

DOCTOR:

But you have changed history! Your reviews are causing actual damage! There will be incalculable damage to the Web of Time!

BEAT.

PANDA:

Good! I'm jolly glad to hear it! Don't slam the door on your way out.

ACE:

You'll be lucky. Come on, Professor –

FX: THEY STEP OUT...

SCENE 32: **INT. PAMPELMOUSSE BUILDING – STAIRS [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: ... ONTO STAIRS. ACE SLAMS DOOR BEHIND. TYPING RESTARTS, OFF.

DOCTOR:

I sense we've learned all we can from Monsieur L'Editeur. Time I returned to the bookshop.

ACE:

I'll come with you.

DOCTOR:

No, I think it'd be best if you went to find Hex...

SCENE 33: INT. ARCHERS' APARTMENT

FX: TICKING CLOCK, TRAFFIC OUTSIDE WINDOW. DOOR OPENS; KEVIN STEPS IN.

ISABEL:

Kevin! I've been waiting for hours. Are you all right?

KEVIN:

Of course. I've just been writing. Where's your English friend?

ISABEL:

Hex? I told him he didn't have to wait around with me all day...

KEVIN:

I need to rest.

ISABEL:

You look exhausted. Sit down here on the bed.

KEVIN:

Isabel, I'm sorry if I've been acting like a maniac. I know I've been a bit unpredictable lately.

ISABEL:

Shush, it's okay.

KEVIN:

I'm trying to write fast enough to keep up with all the stuff going through my brain. It's pretty bewildering. I'm not sure what's happening to me...

ISABEL:

I think I understand. Things are going right for you, at last. You've made a breakthrough. Poetic inspiration. Isn't that what it's called?

KEVIN:

Something like that. But it's so tiring. It's taking it out of me!

ISABEL:

Lie down for a couple of hours. Then — I've got a surprise for you, Kevin.

KEVIN:

What surprise?

ISABEL:

It was Hex's idea. It's wonderful.

KEVIN:

Don't keep me in suspense. Tell me!

ISABEL:

Tonight – we're going to a salon.

KEVIN:

What...?!

ISABEL:

We've got a bona fide invite. Well, kind of. But it's to one of the most exclusive artistic salons in the whole of Paris.

KEVIN:

Where? How? I've been trying for months to get into one of these exclusive cliques and clubs...

ISABEL:

It's all down to Hex – and this lady he knows. She lives on the Ile-Saint Louis...

KEVIN:

Wait – not...

ISABEL:

And he says we can go with him to the party tonight, and you can get up in front of the whole gathering. You can read out your poems to everyone. To all the other poets and the editors and reviewers and everyone else! Tout le monde, Kevin...! What do you think about that?

KEVIN:

I don't believe it. After all this time...!

ISABEL:

Isn't it a great plan?

KEVIN:

But do I dare...?!

ISABEL:

You *have* to dare! This is your chance, Kevin! At last – this is exactly what you've been waiting for!

SCENE 34: INT. BOOKSHOP

FX: BOOKSHOP AMBIENCE. DOOR OPENS, BELL RINGS.

DOCTOR:

You're open late, Ms Dora Muse.

FX: CLOSSES DOOR BEHIND — BELL. AS DOCTOR WALKS UP TO COUNTER...

DORA:

So, you're back, Doctor. How lovely. I enjoyed our little stroll around the Jardin du Luxemburg this morning.

DOCTOR:

It was most pleasant. (AT COUNTER) Now, to business.

DORA:

You sound very determined.

DOCTOR:

I can be extremely determined when I want to be. Right, I need every edition of Le Pampelmousse that you have in stock.

DORA:

Every edition?

DOCTOR:

Every single one. I met the editor today and I believe he is embroiled in something nefarious.

DORA:

Nefarious, you say? Are you sure, Doctor? I mean, this is just a small magazine of art reviews...

DOCTOR:

I know. Also, I need a word with you, Dora Muse. About your map.

DORA:

My map?

DOCTOR:

In your office, under those stairs, you have a strange glowing map on your wall. It shows flickering lights, all over Paris. Tiny flames, each with a name attached.

DORA:

That is quite true. I can't lie. You have been quite thorough in your investigations, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I always am. Now, this kind of map shouldn't even exist on Earth in 1922.

DORA:

Shouldn't it? Oh dear. How remiss of me.

DOCTOR:

Can I see it again?

DORA:

Very well.

FX: BOTH STEP INTO THE OFFICE. FADE UP MAP FX.

DORA:

I'm not the one doing anything nefarious, you know. Not like that person – that meddling editor – you met today. Do you know, he writes every single article in his journal himself? He's monstrous and egotistical.

DOCTOR:

I can believe it. But tell me... what is this thing on your wall? What do the flames really represent?

DORA:

Why, they are sparks of genius. Actual, living, genius.

DOCTOR:

What...?!

DORA:

These indicate the last living geniuses still here in the City of Light. Fewer than there were; far fewer than there should be. But here their essences are glowing still, and I keep them aflame.

DOCTOR:

So that's what's going on. You're *protecting* them...!

SCENE 35: INT. SALON

FX: AS THE PREVIOUS NIGHT – CHATTERS, GUFFAWS, VAMPING JAZZ PIANO. [NB: ANY RECOGNISABLE TUNE MUST BE PRE-1922, AND OUT OF COPYRIGHT – IE, MUSIC COMPOSER DEAD SINCE 1947.]

ACE:
Are you sure this is the place, Hex?

HEX:
Isn't it amazing?

ACE:
It all seems a bit noisy for a poetry reading. I thought it would just be a bunch of old people in a stuffy library...

HEX:
Not here. It's all one big party.

ISABEL:
Kevin, are you OK?

KEVIN:
I just... I feel a bit... you know.

ISABEL:
Hey, don't lose your nerve and fink out now. This is everything you ever wanted, remember? You have to keep your head together.

KEVIN:
Yes, of course. I'm more than ready. My new poems... they're waiting, ready in my head. Just waiting to come bursting out. They're ready to knock everyone's socks off.

ACE:
I can't wait to hear them.

KEVIN:
Thanks, Ace. You've been good to me. You and Hex both have.

HEX:
Come on, then. Let's go up to the top room, overlooking the river. I'll introduce you to my friend, whose house it is.

ACE:
Ha! His new lady friend, he means.

FX: GOING UPSTAIRS.

ISABEL:
Hey – I'm feeling nervous, too, Kevin. I haven't dressed for a party... look at the state of me!

KEVIN:

I think you look gorgeous. You always do.

ISABEL:

Oh, thank you, Kevin.

KEVIN:

I feel hopeful. For the first time in ages... I feel like we're gonna be okay here. Things are going to work out fine.

ISABEL:

I hope so. Come on.

SCENE 36: **INT. BOOKSHOP**

DOCTOR:

Dora, you can tell me.

DORA:

I daren't, Doctor. There are dark and terrible forces at work here, in this time and on this planet.

DOCTOR:

I rather thought so.

DORA:

I daren't even open my mouth to tell you about them, for fear that I will be heard. I could be quashed out of existence by my ruthless enemy. My own poor flame could so easily be snuffed out.

DOCTOR:

I shan't let that happen. But you must tell me more. What are you up to?

DORA:

Nothing bad. As you deduced, I am merely trying to protect the geniuses of Paris.

DOCTOR:

I see. But... who are you? How do you come to have technology like this?

DORA:

You will not be happy until I have revealed my true self to you, will you?

DOCTOR:

I need to understand more.

DORA:

You want me to take down my black veil and show you my actual face.

DOCTOR:

That might be a start.

DORA:

First, you must know, Doctor... I am not a simple bookseller and patron of the arts.

DOCTOR:

I guessed as much.

DORA:

I am also an artists' muse. For many, many years. Thirty? Forty? They have all written about me, sculpted my form, studied my face in order to capture it in glorious oils. Oh, I have haunted them, and visited them... and returned to them all in their dreams. Picasso rendered my likeness about a dozen times over. I seem to engender... obsession.

DOCTOR:

You must be very inspiring.

DORA:

Perhaps I am. Under this lace my face is a Cubist nightmare, Doctor. My face is quite inhuman. I wonder what you would make of it.

DOCTOR:

Really?

DORA:

Three ears. Both eyes on one side. My skin is green and purple. Picasso wasn't lying about what he saw. He just painted exactly what was in front of him. On Earth, I am a fright to look at.

DOCTOR:

Let me see.

DORA:

You won't be alarmed...?

FX: REMOVING VEIL.

DOCTOR:

(GASPS) You truly are a living Picasso. A work of art.

DORA:

You won't be surprised to hear that I'm not a native Parisienne.

SCENE 37: **INT. SALON**

FX: STEPPING INTO LARGER ROOM. MUSIC HAS INTENSIFIED. LAUGHTER AND CHEERS.

HEX:

It's not what you think, Ace. She's not my lady friend. She's quite a bit older, for one thing.

ACE:

Nothing wrong with that, mate.

HEX:

But it's not like that.

FX: IRIS BURSTS THROUGH THE CROWD.

IRIS:

Hex, lovey! You're back again, so soon!

ACE:

(TO HEX) This is her, right?

IRIS:

(UNIMPRESSED) Oh look, you've brought one of your... friends with you.

HEX:

Ace, this is Madame Wildthyme. – Iris.

ACE:

(PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER) Wait. Iris... Wildthyme?

IRIS:

Whose glittering salon this is.

ACE:

I've heard that name before...

IRIS:

Many have, chuck! I've got quite a name for myself in gay old Paree!

SCENE 38: **INT. BOOKSHOP**

DOCTOR:

You're an alien, Dora Muse.

DORA:

I knew you would be sanguine like this. I knew wouldn't be shocked by my secret.

DOCTOR:

Are you stranded here?

DORA:

I'm so ashamed. I am trying to do my best here in this ancient time and place...

DOCTOR:

I think I know what's going on here. I had a feeling. Meeting that Art Critic Panda this afternoon confirmed my worst fears.

DORA:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

Don't be alarmed. I know who must have brought you here...

DORA:

Oh, it was so terrible. Now I feel like I'll never see my home world again. All because of *her*.

DOCTOR:

She's an agent of chaos. I've put up with her nonsense for too long. Doesn't she realise what she's doing?

DORA:

You know her...?!

DOCTOR:

Yes, I know Iris Wildthyme. I know her of old.

DORA:

I... fear the Wildthyme woman.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps you are right to. I always thought she was a harmless, silly old fool. But this... It's her behind all of this, isn't it?

DORA:

I'm afraid so.

DOCTOR:

Her and that Panda. They're sending all the geniuses away from Paris. They're perverting the course of human history.

DORA:

You... you have seen my map... You can see what's been happening...

DOCTOR:

And you've been trying to counteract their meddling?

DORA:

I have been doing my best, as I say.

DOCTOR:

But why? What does she stand to gain?

DORA:

I have asked myself this again and again. How strange, to understand how history happens and what the past and future holds. And yet to want to tamper with it and spoil things. I think it's simply that she revels in the anarchy. She loves the chaos.

DOCTOR:

I fear that you are right, Dora Muse.

DORA:

What will you do?

DOCTOR:

I think I must stop her, once and for all.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 39: INT. SALON

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)
(GASPING EXCITEDLY AS KEVIN READS)

KEVIN:
The faucets of the gates of hell / All the rubber washers need
replacing / The authentic experience of selfhood wanes / With
the crimson moon's last quarter/ Fructify! / The existential
taps!

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)
(ROARS OF APPROVAL)

FX: CROSS TO WITH ISABEL, ACE AND HEX.

ISABEL:
(To Hex) Oh my...! Who'd have thought it? Look at him up there!
Just listen to him!

HEX:
Your Kev's going down a storm, that's for sure.

ACE:
I haven't got a clue what he's going on about though.

HEX:
I don't think that matters, does it? He's enjoying himself.

ISABEL:
Look how they're listening to him! They're actually listening
to him!

ACE:
Go on, Kevin! Yeah!

HEX:
Erm... It's not the footie, Ace...!

FX: CROSS BACK TO KEVIN.

KEVIN:
The isolation of a ceramic valve / and the moon's rubber
washers of her authentic self / stare down the gates of all the
decades past / and fructifies the existential quarter / my
Hegelian selfhood wanes! / it ebbs and flows / like a faucet at

the gates of hell.

FX: WILD APPLAUSE.

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)

Bravo! Bravissimo! Genius! Hurray!

IRIS:

Ladies and gentlemen and everyone inbetween...! Please join me in warmly congratulating Kevin Archer on his impromptu reading tonight. I think we can all agree, can't we? A new poetical star is born in our very own firmament! Here in my lovely salon – a new genius has raised his voice! Hurray!

CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 40: EXT. SALON ROOFTOP [SHORT WHILE LATER]

FX: FADE PARTY NOISE. BOATS ON RIVER, WIND SHUSHING.

ISABEL:
(SOBBING)

HEX:
Hey, Isabel. What are you doing up here?

ISABEL:
Oh... I saw there was a little rooftop garden and I was a bit hot and queasy in there...

HEX:
Yeah, me too. It's a bit of a crush down there. Everyone's gathering round your Kevin and making a fuss of him.

ISABEL:
I'm pleased for him, but it makes everything so much more complicated...

HEX:
What's up? You seem upset...

ISABEL:
I'm not. I'm really pleased for him, honestly. This kind of attention... It's what he's always wanted.

HEX:
But you're worried now, because he'll want to stay in Paris and your father wants you home. There's no more money.

ISABEL:
You're right... but there's even more to it than that, Hex.

HEX:
You can tell me.

ISABEL:
I need to tell someone. I've been keeping this secret for weeks.

HEX:
Go on.

ISABEL:
I'm in a delicate situation. You see, I'm... expecting.

HEX:
You're pregnant? Oh wow. Congratulations!

ISABEL:

But now do you see? This is the main reason I need to leave here. We can't go on living in a damp, one-roomed apartment in the Latin Quarter. We can't be at the mercy of a slum landlord. I want to be home, back in Chicago, with my family around me..

HEX:

So, I guess you need to tell Kev.

ISABEL:

Even if it means an end to all of this? He's just getting started. This world is only just welcoming him..

HEX:

But you have to, Isabel. It's his kid too..

ISABEL:

I know... and I will. But I want to let him enjoy this moment first..

SCENE 41: INT. SALON

FX: AS BEFORE — JAZZ PIANO AND CROWD CHATTER.

IRIS:

Kevin, you have been a marvel.

KEVIN:

Did you hear them? They loved my poems!

IRIS:

Now, you mustn't over-tire yourself. You must find that lovely wife of yours and get yourself home...

KEVIN:

Yes, you're right. Thank you, Iris... I can't thank you enough...

IRIS:

Sweet dreams...!

FX: KEVIN HURRIES OUT.

IRIS:

All right, everyone! That's your lot! The shop's shutting for the night! You've all partied long enough and my hospitality's run dry. It's time for your old Aunty Iris to get her beauty sleep. Don't you say she needs it, an' all!

FX: GUESTS LEAVING.

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)
(GOOD-NATURED GRUMBLING)

IRIS:

Come on! We'll be here again tomorrow night. We can start the party all over again. Never fear! The party never ends really!

ACE:

Hey, you. Lady.

IRIS:

Are you talking to me, Ms Ace?

ACE:

I'd like a little word with you.

IRIS:

I'm busy, clearing up my salon. (CALLING) Everyone out now! Don't you all have garrets to go to? I need my shut-eye!

ACE:

You can spare me a moment.

IRIS:

Oh, go on then.

ACE:

Thing is, I think you're more than just a big noise in Paris. I think you've made quite a name for yourself all over time and space – isn't that right?

IRIS:

Is it?

ACE:

Don't come the innocent with me, Iris Wildthyme. The Doctor's mentioned your name before, I know he has. He's gonna be mad when he finds out you're here.

IRIS:

The Doctor! (LAUGHS) Bless his little question mark jumper. That's what he's like in this incarnation, isn't he? The grand chess master. Playing his cosmic games, all while he's toggled up like a little tramp.

ACE:

Don't talk about the Professor like that! – What's your game, Iris Wildthyme? Cos if I find out you're up to no good, [I'll–]

IRIS:

You'll what, lovey? What are you – his guard dog? Ha! I've known the Doctor a bit longer than you have, chuck. I know all about him, too. All about his secrets.

FX: DOOR OPENS. PANDA ENTERS.

PANDA:

Oh, what a day!

IRIS:

Panda! There you are, at last! What kept you?

PANDA:

Artistic reputations don't assassinate themselves, you know. What time is it? Why are all these people still here? (SEES ACE) Oh! It's you again.

ACE:

I get it now – you two are in cahoots!

IRIS:

Panda is my dearest friend and companion!

ACE:

Like I said. How can he even walk about looking like that, and no-one ever comments?

PANDA:

Walk about looking like what?

ACE:

Looking like a stuffed toy! You're only as high as my knees.

PANDA:

So was Toulouse Lautrec.

ACE:

I've got my eye on you two.

IRIS:

Oh, go on, you daft girl. Be off with you.

PANDA:

Is this young person being rough with you, Iris?

IRIS:

She's nothing I can't handle. I've fettled worse!

ACE:

I'm going.

IRIS:

You go and look after Kevin. Go and hurry after that lovely poet. Everyone else has got a home to go to! Some people have manners, you know!

ACE:

I'll be back.

FX: ACE EXITS.

PANDA:

Oh, hark at the Terminator!

FX: IRIS CROSSES TO INTERIOR DOOR. OPENS IT.

IRIS:

(CALLING) Hex! Oh, Mister Hex...! – Ah! There you are, lovey. Come on through.

HEX:

Was that Ace's voice I heard just now?

IRIS:

(DISSEMBLING) Your friend? No, no – she's gone, I think...

HEX:

Good. I don't want her to see us – you know, doing this.

IRIS:

You're ready for our little life-drawing class, then?

HEX:

Uh... I reckon so.

IRIS:

(CLAPS HANDS) Marvellous! Just pop your clothes on that chair over there.

SCENE 42: EXT. NARROW STREET OUTSIDE IRIS' SALON

FX: ECHOING FOOTSTEPS. CROWD MOVING AWAY. ACE STEPS OUT. DOOR SLAMS. WALKING OFF. DOCTOR HURRIES UP.

DOCTOR:

Ace! Good! Come along, I want to see inside this salon...

ACE:

You're a bit late, Professor. The party's over. Madame has chucked everyone out for the night.

DOCTOR:

Where are the others? Hex, and the Archers?

ACE:

Must have left ahead of me. I stayed behind to have a word with the hostess. Brace yourself: she's a friend of yours...

DOCTOR:

Oh, so you've met old Iris, have you? I'd like to have seen that!

ACE:

What – you knew she was here, in Paris?

DOCTOR:

Only since we met that Panda at Le Pampelmousse.

ACE:

Still, you could have said something sooner! – Is she really a friend of yours?

DOCTOR:

Well, she used to be. But these days I'm not so easily amused by her dabbling.

ACE:

What is it...? You're angry.

DOCTOR:

I met someone today. Someone who's trapped here because of Iris.

ACE:

Who?

DOCTOR:

Iris's games are all very well, until innocent people start getting hurt. And that Panda only makes it worse.

ACE:

I saw him again. What is he, a robot?

DOCTOR:

A cyborg. There's a real heart in there, underneath the fur and the clockwork.

ACE:

Don't tell me – he's from the future?

DOCTOR:

His kind were invented to journey into space with the children of star colonists. He's supposed to be a protector and a teacher.

ACE:

Instead he's an art critic and a party animal. Something's gone wrong there.

DOCTOR:

He's been with Iris for a long time. He's clever... but he's very full of himself.

ACE:

It's weird, standing there talking to a teddy bear..

DOCTOR:

Don't, whatever you do, call him a bear. Now – if Iris and that panda are safely in the salon..

FX: PRODUCES 'BATTLEFIELD' TRACKING DEVICE. IT BLEEPES.

ACE:

That's a tracker, right? What are you tracking?

DOCTOR:

Something I need to track down. I've got the signal. Come on, Ace.

FX: THEY WALK OFF, FOLLOWING BLEEPING OF TRACKING DEVICE.

SCENE 43: INT. ARCHERS' APARTMENT BUILDING — STAIRWELL

FX: FEET ON STONE STEPS

KEVIN:

Did you hear them applauding me? Cheering me? Did you, Isabel? They were hanging off my every word.

ISABEL:

I heard them, Kevin. I really did.

KEVIN:

You're pleased for me, aren't you?

ISABEL:

Of course I am. How could you even ask?

FX: ARRIVE AT DOOR. TAKING OUT KEYS.

ISABEL:

I hope Hex is okay. I kind of lost track of him in the crowd. And Ace. I wish we'd seen them to say goodnight...

KEVIN:

They'll be fine.

ISABEL:

You should be grateful to Hex for taking you there...

KEVIN:

Oh, I am! I am! Oh — Isabel...! Just to stand there and read out my new verses. To look out at all those faces. They were looking at me with real interest and appreciation...

FX: KEY IN LOCK. STRUGGLE AS KEY JAMS.

ISABEL:

I know. It's wonderful... Hey! I can't get this key to work...

KEVIN:

What? Let me try...

FX: KEVIN JANGLES KEYS IN LOCK.

ISABEL:

Uh-oh. On no. Look.

KEVIN:

What?

ISABEL:

How did we not notice? Our stuff. All our bags are on the

landing, look.

KEVIN:

Huh?

ISABEL:

I think we've been evicted.

KEVIN:

He can't do that!

ISABEL:

Our lease ran out at midnight. The landlord's thrown us out.

KEVIN:

But... it's the middle of the night!

ISABEL:

This place is a dump. It's a slum. Do you think he cares?

KEVIN:

Oh, this is just... hang on... hold on...

FX: TAKING OUT PAPER, SCRIBBLING IN PENCIL AGAINST DOOR.

ISABEL:

What are you doing?

KEVIN:

Sssh, I've got an idea...

ISABEL:

Are you writing a note?

KEVIN:

Not a note. A poem.

ISABEL:

What?! How will that help us?

KEVIN:

Help us? Well, it won't really, but...

ISABEL:

Kevin — I am exhausted. It's the middle of the night. We haven't got anywhere to sleep.

KEVIN:

Sssh. I have to do this. The words... the words are in my head...

ISABEL:

I can't believe you!

KEVIN:

(LOSING TEMPER) Leave me alone!

ISABEL:

I've had about as much of this as I can take. I'm warning you, Kevin Archer...!

KEVIN:

Just go! Leave me alone!

SCENE 44: **EXT. OBSCURE QUAI BY THE SEINE**

FX: HUSHED NIGHT-TIME AMBIENCE. LAPPING RIVER. HURRYING FEET ON STONE STEPS, TO STOP.

DOCTOR:

Aha. Here it is. Just as I thought!

ACE:

Uh... that's a bus.

DOCTOR:

Well spotted, Ace.

ACE:

What's a London bus doing in Paris?

DOCTOR:

Failing to blend in, evidently, that's why she's hidden it away by the river. (FEELING BESIDE DOORS) Now, there's a knack to the door release...

ACE:

But what is it?

DOCTOR:

It's how Iris gets about through time and space- Aha, got it!

FX: HYDRAULIC DOORS SHOOT OPEN

ACE:

You mean it's a T-

DOCTOR:

Yes, but it's mysteriously smaller on the inside than the outside. Come aboard.

FX: BOTH STEP INTO...

SCENE 45: INT. IRIS'S BUS [CONTINUOUS]

FX: LIGHTS CLICK ON. HUM OF ENERGY.

ACE:

Just look at all this old junk! It's like a charity shop in here. Correction. It's like a charity shop in hell.

DOCTOR:

I think it's rather quaint. All her nick-nacks.

ACE:

Why are we breaking into her double-decker anyway? What are we looking for?

DOCTOR:

Anything that will give us more information about what she's up to this time.

ACE:

Right. Better hurry it up, mind. It's nearly dawn.

DOCTOR:

You have a look through the papers in that cabinet and that bookcase. I'll check out the flight log.

FX: STEPS TO CABIN. TAPPING CONTROLS. ACE RUMMAGING IN JUNK.

ACE:

Who is she to you, Doctor? *What* is she? Is she a friend? An enemy?

DOCTOR:

It's hard to say exactly. I can't even be sure when we first met. It was a long time ago in the future, I think...

ACE:

What's the deal with her? Is she evil or what?

DOCTOR:

Evil? Not exactly. She's a meddler, that's what she is. She's selfish and silly. In the past, I'd have said that her hearts were in the right place, but...

ACE:

But what?

DOCTOR:

Now I'm not so sure. This time she's deliberately changing elements of Earth's cultural history...

FX: ACE RUMMAGING THROUGH OLD BOOKS.

ACE:

These look like old diaries... 'How I single-handedly defeated the Dalek Invasion of Earth in the Twenty-Second Century. And then kicked their so-called Master Plan into touch.' Ha! Did she?

DOCTOR:

Of course not.

ACE:

'And then I met six of my previous incarnations in the universe of anti-matter... which turned out to be COMPLETELY full of aunties...'

DOCTOR:

She makes half of this stuff up.

ACE:

Is she mad?

DOCTOR:

She'll be furious if she catches us in here, that's for sure-

FX: INTRRUPTED BY NOISE FROM FLIGHT COMPUTER

DOCTOR:

Ah. I seem to have cracked open the flight computer..

ACE:

And?

DOCTOR:

It's about to tell us where Iris and her bus were before they came to Paris..

FX: BURBLING COMPUTER

ACE:

I can't read that... It's a bit lo-fi compared with the TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

It's a wonder she doesn't do herself a mischief, flying about in an ancient death trap like this.

FX: WOUNDED, INSULTED NOISES FROM DASHBOARD

ACE:

Is this thing alive?

DOCTOR:

Quite possibly. It watches out for her. It's probably her oldest friend of all...

FX: PINGING OF COMPUTER

ACE:

What's it saying now?

DOCTOR:

The planet Braak. That was the last place they visited.

ACE:

What do we know about the planet Braak?

DOCTOR:

Not a lot. Just that that the locals have three eyes, and two ears on the same side of their green and purple heads.

ACE:

They sound attractive.

DOCTOR:

And very like someone I was speaking to, just a few short hours ago...

SCENE 46: EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING

FX: FADE UP — KEVIN SCRIBBLING. BIRDS' DAWN CHORUS. APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

KEVIN:
Isabel...?

FX: FOOTSTEPS CLOSER. KEVIN STANDS.

KEVIN:
I'm so sorry. I've treated you horribly. No wonder you ran away from me...

DORA:
I am not Isabel.

KEVIN:
Oh! Who are you?

DORA:
My name is Dora Muse. I am a patron of the arts. I have been looking for you, Kevin Archer. You are my reason for venturing into this insalubrious quarter at this early hour of the morning.

KEVIN:
Me? What do you want with me?

DORA:
Word has spread. Your fame is on the rise. Your words are escaping into the world. Your genius is drawing attention to itself.

KEVIN:
You mean you heard me read at the salon last night?

DORA:
No, but people who were there are already talking about your brilliance. All of Paris will soon know your name.

KEVIN:
Is that a fact?

DORA:
You are gratified by that?

KEVIN:
I've waited so long to make a breakthrough... to receive some kind of recognition... you've no idea what it's been like.

DORA:

Oh... I know what it's like to thirst after something... something that you desperately want.

KEVIN:

That's been my every waking hour for as long as I can remember.

DORA:

I am very interested in your genius. I can sense it radiating from you.

KEVIN:

You can?

DORA:

I have met a great many geniuses. I have had the honour of being able to help them along the way, from time to time...

KEVIN:

I sure could do with some help.

DORA:

Money and shelter. A place to live and work. These are very simple things to sort out.

KEVIN:

Really?

DORA:

The important thing is that you should be able to write, with no worries or interruptions. Your work is so, so important. It is quite unique, Kevin.

KEVIN:

Will you help me? And Isabel?

DORA:

I have a shop. There are rooms above it. I can give you the shelter you need. Do you want me to take you there?

KEVIN:

Oh, yes... please! I'm so tired, you see. The words wear me out completely.

DORA:

Then come with me.

SCENE 47: INT. IRIS'S BUS

FX: HUM OF LIGHTS AND COMPUTER.

ACE:

This woman you met in the bookshop... she was an alien?

DOCTOR:

Bookshops are often quite full of aliens. It's a most peculiar thing. But then, upon arrival in a new world, what better place to go?

FX: DOORS CRASH VIOLENTLY OPEN

PANDA:

I've caught you! Hands up!

ACE:

What the...?!

PANDA:

It's you two! How dare you sneak aboard the Number Twenty-Two! Have you *no* sense of decorum?

ACE:

Number Twenty-Two?

DOCTOR:

To Putney Common. It's quite a nice route, actually. Erm... Panda! Hello! It's not really *sneaking*, is it?

PANDA:

Isn't it?

DOCTOR:

No, you see... we're very old friends and lovely old Aunty Iris wouldn't mind one jot if I was here.

PANDA:

I think she might. You are snooping.

ACE:

She's got secrets, has she? Stuff she wants to keep hidden?

PANDA:

As it happens, of course she has.

DOCTOR:

Look, Panda, would you mind putting that gun away? Aside from anything else, it looks rather silly.

PANDA:

How dare you!

ACE:

It looks like a toy ray gun. And it's pink. Not very butch.

PANDA:

Who says I want to be butch? Anyway, it's quite real, I assure you. It could blast you straight into the vortex, young lady.

DOCTOR:

Could we start again, please? We're only trying to find out what Iris is up to.

PANDA:

Poking about where you're not wanted!

DOCTOR:

I think the old dear might have got herself into a pickle.

PANDA:

That's nothing new.

DOCTOR:

Whatever it is she's into, I don't like it.

PANDA:

No, me neither, as it happens.

ACE:

You're involved in it!

PANDA:

I was a fool for going along with the whole scheme. It's an idiotic plan.

DOCTOR:

Now you want out.

PANDA:

It's too late.

DOCTOR:

No, it's not. We could work together. You could help Ace and myself. Perhaps we could help Iris extricate herself from this situation...

PANDA:

I would never do anything behind her back.

DOCTOR:

I think we need to band together to help her. We're the ones who really care about her, aren't we?

PANDA:

Put the gun down, Panda.

PANDA:

No! Don't even try to sweet talk me! I won't turn against her! Stop trying to mess with my mind!

SCENE 48: INT. IRIS'S SALON

FX: ARTISTS FILING OUT OF DOOR.

IRIS:

That's your lot for tonight, boys! Our life model is quite exhausted!

FX: CLOSES DOOR BEHIND.

IRIS:

Hex, lovey. Thanks so much for posing for my little circle. You've done a magnificent job.

HEX:

Glad you think so. Gotta say, I'm quite looking forward to seeing the results.

IRIS:

I'd be surprised if you recognised yourself. We had some Cubists in tonight. (PASSING BLANKET) Now take a blanket to cover yourself up, chuck. You'll catch your death.

HEX:

(TAKING BLANKET) Thanks. I've never modelled for anyone before.

IRIS:

I'm surprised. You've got what they call a right physique on you.

HEX:

Thanks. I thought I'd be embarrassed, but it's all art, isn't it? I can't draw or anything like that, so it's nice to take part.

IRIS:

You'll go down in history!

HEX:

Well, maybe not.

IRIS:

Ha. You know what? You've got that look about you.

HEX:

What look?

IRIS:

The look of the seasoned time traveller.

HEX:

What?! How'd you—

IRIS:

Knowing a bit too much, and trying very hard not to give yourself away. You're a tourist here in more ways than one, aren't you, lovey? You're from the future.

HEX:

Does it show?

IRIS:

Only to one like me. Ahem. I'm a traveller in time, too.

HEX:

What?! Really...?

IRIS:

Paris between the wars is swarming with time travellers. It's a very popular destination for people of our ilk. Discerning types.

HEX:

I was trying to blend in.

IRIS:

It's a dangerous time. Some of these time travellers... they try to muck things about. It's a vulnerable point in history, this.

HEX:

You look worried.

IRIS:

I am. This has been a lonely mission. I'm here, trying to see things right. I'm glad you're here to help me.

HEX:

Listen – I've got a friend. He's the real time traveller. I'm only a passenger, really. Perhaps he can help you?

IRIS:

The Doctor? No – I don't think so. Not any more.

HEX:

You know the Doctor?

IRIS:

Once upon a time we were close, me and him. I don't think he feels like that anymore...

SCENE 49: INT. BOOKSHOP

FX: UNLOCKING DOOR. DOOR JANGLES. DORA AND KEVIN STEP INSIDE. FEET ON FLOORBOARDS.

KEVIN:

This is your shop?

DORA:

You're a writer and you don't know Dickens and Company?

KEVIN:

I've had no money. We've hardly had enough to eat. I daren't venture anywhere near bookstores...

DORA:

Of course. Forgive me. As a wealthy woman I have no understanding of the tribulations you face. How awful. Please, come through.

FX: DOOR JANGLES AS SHE CLOSSES IT.

KEVIN:

(WALKING THROUGH) Oh... this is a wonderland. And that smell...!

DORA:

Stay here as long as you like. Breathe in the glorious scent of dusty ink and paper and leather. Inspiration, Kevin. Keep breathing the ideas in and out. Everything here belongs to you as much as to anyone else on this planet. Please, make yourself at home.

KEVIN:

Why are you being so kind to me?

DORA:

I respect your work. Your words. I want them.

KEVIN:

You want them?

DORA:

More than anything.

KEVIN:

But how do you know they're good enough? I sometimes even doubt myself...

FX: DORA LEADS WAY INTO OFFICE. FADE UP MAP NOISE.

DORA:

Step into my office.

KEVIN:

W-what is this...?

DORA:

Behold my map of souls.

KEVIN:

I don't understand.

DORA:

Look closer, Kevin Archer. Study it closely. This is a constellation of geniuses. Don't you see your name there?

KEVIN:

Why... yes! T-that's incredible...!

DORA:

You'd be even more pleased if you could have seen this map last month. Then your name would have been amongst the likes of Picasso, Joyce and Hemingway. You would have seen how you actually belong among their exalted number...!

KEVIN:

I always suspected... but I hardly dared say. Oh wow. But... but where are they? Aren't they in Paris anymore?

DORA:

It is a terrible thing. A very evil person has done away with them. An evil woman.

KEVIN:

What? Who would do such a thing?

DORA:

I have brought you here in order to warn you about her, Kevin.

KEVIN:

About who?

DORA:

Iris Wildthyme is the quintessence of wickedness. I have brought you here so that I can tell you the truth.

KEVIN:

But she seemed so nice...! And she let me read to her salon!

DORA:

Kevin... I also brought you here because there's something important I must do. To you.

KEVIN:

(GULPS) Er... I beg your pardon?

DORA:

It won't hurt. You won't feel a thing.

KEVIN:

I'm not sure I like the sound of this...

DORA:

I have helped so many. All the geniuses of Paris have been to my shop. I have done what I can for them, to help them along... and they have all been very grateful. In return, I ask for only one thing...

KEVIN:

Look, I'm a happily married man...!

DORA:

It is only a very small operation.

KEVIN:

Operation?! I think I should be going— (GRABBED) Aow! Your hands are like pincers!

DORA:

Hold still, Kevin...!

KEVIN:

Aaah!!

SCENE 50: INT. STAIRS TO IRIS' SALON

FX: FEET ON STAIRS. PANDA FORCING DOCTOR AND ACE AT GUNPOINT.

PANDA:

That's it, keep going. Straight up to Mistress Iris's salon. I'm keeping a beady eye on both of you, so don't try anything.

DOCTOR:

Oh, we won't, will we, Ace?

ACE:

If you say so, Professor. (FX: THEY ARRIVE ON LANDING) I can't believe we're being held at gunpoint by a bear who's not even a foot-high.

PANDA:

How dare you! – Door handle, girl.

ACE:

Aw, can't you reach?

FX: ACE OPENS INTERIOR DOOR. MUSIC PLAYING SOFTLY WITHIN.

PANDA:

Get in!

FX: AS PANDA URGES THEM IN..

SCENE 51: INT. IRIS' SALON [CONTINUOUS]

PANDA:

(CALLING) Iris – it is I! And I am here with some rather interesting guests!

ACE:

(SEEING) Hex!

HEX:

(SHEEPISH) Oh, hiya, Ace. Doctor.

ACE:

What are you doing, standing around in just a blanket?

HEX:

What, this blanket? I was just... er...

IRIS:

(APPROACHING) Our friend Mister Hex has been making an exhibition of himself.

ACE:

What?!

IRIS:

He's a work of art, I'm telling you.

DOCTOR:

I think she means he's been posing for the artists in her salon.

IRIS:

Wait till you see what they've made of him. Hello, Doctor, chuck. Come and give your Aunty Iris a lovely big hug.

DOCTOR:

Iris Wildthyme. So. We meet yet again.

SCENE 52: INT. BOOKSHOP

FX: STRUGGLE BETWEEN DORA AND KEVIN CONTINUES.

DORA:

Please, Kevin, be calm...

KEVIN:

Leave go of me. Aah, you're strong!

DORA:

Sssh, you mustn't upset yourself. Agitation and panic can spoil everything. The hormone levels go haywire. You will taint the fluids I am about to extract from your brain...

KEVIN:

You're gonna do what? Get away from me...!

FX: DORA ACTIVATES A HIGH-TECH BRAIN-FLUID EXTRACTING IMPLEMENT. CONTINUES BUZZING THROUGH...

DORA:

Hold still, my dear little genius... Slow that feverish heart and cool that glorious mind...

KEVIN:

Noooo! What is that thing...?

DORA:

This? It's quite harmless. Just a needle, really. I'm going to pierce your wonderful skull and then, dear Kevin, I'm going to sip your nectar... The very fount of your genius...

FX: INTENSIFY NEEDLE NOISE.

KEVIN:

Noooo! (SCREAMS)

SCENE 53: **INT. IRIS' SALON**

IRIS:

Oho! Doesn't the Doctor look cross! What's the matter with you, little fella? You don't look too chuffed to see me!

DOCTOR:

I never am.

IRIS:

Now, that's not quite true, is it, lovey? Don't you go forgetting the Diamond Mines of Marlion. Or the steaming jungles of Excelis. Or the brilliant desert of the planet Hyspero... Oh! But that's not happened yet, has it?

DOCTOR:

You're a temporal dilettante, Iris. You're causing great harm to the timelines. Just for fun.

IRIS:

Not just for fun...

DOCTOR:

Well – for profit, too, I imagine.

IRIS:

I see. So that's what you think, is it? That's the low opinion you have of me?

HEX:

Hang on, Doctor – why is it you're so cross with her? What's she even done?

DOCTOR:

Cross? Cross?! I haven't even started yet.

ACE:

You don't want to play piggy in the middle, Hex.

PANDA:

The Doctor's got his dander up! Iris, you sort him out! Punch him on the hooter!

IRIS:

I wouldn't dream of hurting a hair on his head. But... I don't think I can say the same for him. Look at the murderous way he's looking at me! Ooh, heck. What's the matter, lovey? Why are you so mad at me this time?

DOCTOR:

I've seen what you're doing here, Iris. You're preventing some of the greatest art of the twentieth century from ever being created.

IRIS:

Oh no, no, no! You've got it wrong, lovey. That's not what's happening at all!

DOCTOR:

We're on very different sides this time. You can't simply take Pablo Picasso or James Joyce out of the world and replace them with other, inferior artists.

IRIS:

Can't I?

DOCTOR:

Human consciousness is formed and altered by great art and literature. By dabbling like this, you are altering mankind's very destiny!

IRIS:

(LAUGHTER) Oh, dear! I'd forgotten what a gloomy old soul you were in this incarnation! Mankind's very destiny! Ha ha ha! Like I could mess about with any such thing!

DOCTOR:

I will stop you, Iris Wildthyme.

IRIS:

Right, that's enough! I've had just about enough of being lectured at! I've not even had any coffee yet and I have to start the day being hectorated like this!

PANDA:

That's it, dearie! Give him what-for!

IRIS:

You little twerp, coming up here to my beautiful salon and shouting out the odds!

DOCTOR:

I cannot allow you to carry on meddling, Iris.

IRIS:

Meddling! Ha! Who's gonna stop me?

DOCTOR:

I will. You know I will.

IRIS:

Do your worst.

DOCTOR:

Consider the battle lines drawn.

IRIS:

You'd really chuck away our old friendship?

DOCTOR:

If need be.

IRIS:

So be it! It's war, then - Doctor!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:

I cannot allow you to carry on meddling, Iris.

IRIS:

Meddling! Ha! Who's gonna stop me?

DOCTOR:

I will. You know I will.

IRIS:

Do your worst.

DOCTOR:

Consider the battle lines drawn.

IRIS:

You'd really chuck away our old friendship?

DOCTOR:

If need be.

IRIS:

So be it! It's war, then - Doctor!

SCENE CONTINUES:

SCENE 54: INT. IRIS' SALON [CONTINUED]

ACE:

I've got your back, Professor.

HEX:

Look, maybe you should both sit down and talk about it calmly..

IRIS:

He won't talk calmly. Look at him. He can't even stand to look at me. He hates me these days.

DOCTOR:

Hate is a strong word. I don't approve of you, Iris.

IRIS:

I'm cut right to the quick.

PANDA:

What shall we do with them? Lock them up?

IRIS:

Why would we do that? No, let them go. Turf them out. Set them free on the streets of Paris. The Doctor and I don't have anything else to say to each other.

HEX:

Iris, I hate to see you upset like this...

IRIS:

Oh, don't mind me, lovey. He's spurned me before. Through the millennia, I've learned to live with the disappointment.

DOCTOR:

Come on, Ace. Her melodramatics make me feel queasy. (EXITS)

ACE:

Hex – we're out of here.

HEX:

Ace, I can't!

ACE:

(WALKING OUT) Suit yourself. You know where to find us, when you come to your senses.

FX: SHE SLAMS DOOR BEHIND.

HEX:

(CALLING AFTER) What? Wait! (QUIET) I meant – I can't, I've not got any clothes on...!

IRIS:

Never mind them, Hex. You stay here with your Aunty Iris.

HEX:

Give it a rest with the 'Aunty Iris' business! (TO SELF) Why's it always me who gets caught in the crossfire...?

SCENE 55: INT. BOOKSHOP

FX: KEVIN WAKES VIOLENTLY

KEVIN:

Urgghh... Owww. Where am I? Oh... the bookshop! That woman...! YOU!

DORA:

My dear, brilliant Kevin Archer. You are awake at last. You feel well, I trust?

KEVIN:

Keep away from me! What did you do to me?!

DORA:

Please do not feel alarmed. You don't need to flee. I would never harm you.

KEVIN:

My head is throbbing. That... that needle thing! You stuck that needle thing in my head!

DORA:

I took a tiny amount of fluid from your brain. Something you can easily spare... and that I *need* in order to survive.

KEVIN:

What are you talking about?!

DORA:

A substance my people need to absorb. It is hard for me to come by such things on this planet. But it is contained in the substance found in your brain known as 'seratonin'.

KEVIN:

'Come by such things on this planet?!' What are you talking about? You're crazy...

DORA:

You must listen to me. I beg you. I can give you anything you need. A home. Money...

KEVIN:

And in return you just want to suck out my brain?!

DORA:

Just a miniscule extraction, now and then.

KEVIN:

That's all, is it?

DORA:

I could make your life so much easier. I can guarantee you lasting fame as a poet. You just need to do a few small things for me...

KEVIN:

Lasting fame. You could really bring me that?

DORA:

And much else besides. You just need to help me.

KEVIN:

By offering you my brain?

DORA:

Also.. I want you to return to the salon of Iris Wildthyme, to carry out an important mission. A deadly mission...

SCENE 56: **EXT. PAVEMENT CAFÉ**

FX: MORNING CAFÉ AMBIENCE. CHATTER, TRAFFIC. HEX WALKING UP... WITH PANDA'S FOOTSTEPS A LITTLE WAY BEHIND — SOFT, THUDDING.

HEX:

Doctor! Ace! There you are! (PULLING UP CHAIR) Breakfast, is it? I'm famished.

ACE:

Oh look, if it isn't Iris Wildthyme's favourite stuffed toy.

HEX:

Oh hey, come on. Bit unnecessary.

DOCTOR:

Behind you, Mister Hex...?

PANDA:

(APPROACHING) Doctor! Hello!

ACE:

What does that little scumbag want?

DOCTOR:

It'll be some kind of trick.

HEX

More likely he followed me.

PANDA:

May I join you, Mister Hex? Miss Ace? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Oh, all right. Have some coffee with us.

HEX:

Does he even drink coffee?

ACE:

Yeah, he's like a bear with a sore head 'til he's had his first cup of the morning.

PANDA:

Please, would someone help me up onto the chair?

HEX:

Gis a paw then.

FX: AS PANDA CLAMBERS ONTO WICKER CAFÉ CHAIR...

DOCTOR:

I suppose, Panda, you're going to tell us that Iris is simply misunderstood?

PANDA:

No, no. Not at all.

DOCTOR:

Go on.

PANDA:

I fear that things have changed. I mean, she's always been a bit eccentric. But recently I think she might actually be losing her marbles.

ACE:

You don't say.

DOCTOR:

Shush, Ace.

PANDA:

Look, I'm an art critic. It's all I ever wanted to be. Not a time traveller and an adventurer. Not an explorer. When the opportunity arose at Le Pampelmousse, in this particular, wonderful era... well, I leapt in with both fluffy feet, didn't I?

DOCTOR:

But you started writing deliberately nasty reviews. The kind that knock people back...

PANDA:

She made me do it.

HEX:

You mean, you weren't even giving your own opinions?

ACE:

(SNARK) Why would anyone pander to his opinions, anyway?

DOCTOR:

Ace!

ACE:

(FAUX-INNOCENT) What?

PANDA:

I love Picasso and Dali and all the rest, Miss Ace. How could I not? But Iris has always been on my side. It's always been me and her against the Multiverse...

DOCTOR:

So you did as you were told out of loyalty.

PANDA:

I don't know why she's been doing this, and now I wish I'd never played along. — Is it too late, Doctor? Can I still put things right?

DOCTOR:

Let's see, shall we?

SCENE 57: INT. FANCY HOTEL LOBBY

FX: CHATTER, BUSTLING.

ISABEL:

So, you got my message from our former landlord.

KEVIN:

This is hotel Notre Dame! How can we even afford this? – No, wait, don't tell me.

ISABEL:

I wasn't prepared to walk the streets all night, so I wired my father for emergency funds.

KEVIN:

Hurray for Daddy, once again.

ISABEL:

I guess you've been writing all night?

KEVIN:

Actually, I was at the bookstore on the Rue De L'Odeon. The owner took me in. She wants to be my patroness.

ISABEL:

Oh, really?

KEVIN:

She's recognised my talent.

ISABEL:

Well, between her and Madame Wildthyme, you're doing well.

KEVIN:

I hope to.

ISABEL:

Kevin – I can't keep on racketing about with no stability and no security.

KEVIN:

And I won't ask you to. Honestly. Things are starting to come together for me.

ISABEL:

I need to be sure. It isn't just about me anymore. We have bigger responsibilities.

KEVIN:

To art! To literature! I know.

ISABEL:

I-I didn't want to tell you like this, in a hotel lobby...

KEVIN:

What is it? Please, tell me...

ISABEL:

We're going to have a child.

KEVIN:

I... Isabel... This is *awful* timing.

ISABEL:

What?!

KEVIN:

I'm sorry... I mean... I'm delighted, of course...

ISABEL:

I think you should go. Go back to your precious patroness and your bookshop.

KEVIN:

Please, Isabel...

ISABEL:

Just leave me alone.

SCENE 58: **EXT. PAVEMENT CAFÉ**

DOCTOR:

Tell us about your most recent journey to another planet, Panda.

PANDA:

The dreadful Planet Braak. Rocks and jellified fungus creatures everywhere.

ACE:

Right. Cos we know all about Dora Muse.

HEX:

Err, who?

ACE:

The bookseller from the planet Braak.

HEX:

Bookseller? From the bookshop with the funny map?

ACE:

Keep up, Hex mate.

HEX:

I'm trying to.

DOCTOR:

You were saying, Panda. The planet Braak.

PANDA:

Funny bunch. With their eyes and ears like that they're glancing at you sideways all the time and you're wondering if they're looking at you askance.

ACE:

What was Iris doing there?

PANDA:

She was summoned out of the blue by the Queen of Braak. Well, you know what she's like. Any excuse to wear a big hat...

DOCTOR:

Did you go with her?

PANDA:

I wasn't paying attention, I'm afraid. There was a rather nice bar and a young lady and, next thing I know, Iris is looking furtive, as if she'd been given a secret mission. I hate it when she has a secret mission.

DOCTOR:

Panda — you must tell us. Did Iris kidnap Dora Muse?

SCENE 59: **EXT. QUIET STREET**

FX: IRIS HURRIES ACROSS TO KEVIN

IRIS:

Kevin. It's you, lovey! Are you all right? You look like you've been out all night.

KEVIN:

Oh, Iris. I've just seen my wife, Isabel. She's... we're expecting a baby.

IRIS:

Well, that's wonderful!

KEVIN:

Her father's wired her the money for tickets. She's going back to the States.

IRIS:

And you're going with her, right?

KEVIN:

She doesn't understand. I have a great duty to my work. I must stay here and follow my dream...

IRIS:

Ah, yes. About your dream. Can I walk with you? I've got some news about that...

KEVIN:

Good news?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

IRIS:

This business of your being a poet. Being a genius and all that.

KEVIN:

Yes?

IRIS:

I hate to say it, chuck, but you're not.

KEVIN:

Says who?

IRIS:

There's no easy way of saying this. But your mind has been sort of invaded by an alien intelligence.

KEVIN:

That's not true!

IRIS:

It happened when you fell down the Metro steps and hit your skull.

KEVIN:

Okay... That's when things changed. It cleared a mental block I had...

IRIS:

It was more than that, lovey. It cleared the way for an alien life form from the Planet Braak to creep into your brain.

KEVIN:

What?

IRIS:

She must have been lying in wait for a likely mark with an artistic bent, then along came you...

FX: DUB UNDER, FROM SCENE 4 –

KEVIN:

(LOUDLY [NB: IMPORTANT]) I am a poet, Isabel!!

IRIS:

A quick psychic push to make your legs give way; then one touch while you were unconscious, that's all it'd have taken.

FX: DUB UNDER, FROM SCENE 6 –

DORA:

(STEPPING FORWARD) Please, let me examine him.

ISABEL:

What are you, some kinda nun? Can you even see through that veil?

KEVIN:

You're making this up!

IRIS:

She feasts on the minds of geniuses to survive, you see. And if there's a shortage of geniuses – as there is in Paris just now – then she just has to manufacture them.

KEVIN:

Who is this person, then?

IRIS:

Your nice friend from the bookshop. Dora. I'm afraid she's having you on, Kevin. She's been drinking your brain. I'm not wrong, am I?

SCENE 60: **EXT. LATIN QUARTER STREET**

FX: RESTAURANT CHATTER SPILLING OUT, MUSIC, TRAFFIC. DOCTOR AND PANDA RUNNING

PANDA:

Won't Ace and Hex mind?

DOCTOR:

They're used to me dashing off...

PANDA:

We won't be gone long?

DOCTOR:

Time – as you well know, Panda – is extremely relative. We're here!

FX: HALT. UNLOCKS AND OPENS TARDIS DOOR. TARDIS HUM BEYOND.

PANDA:

This is a big moment for me. I've never been in the TARDIS before.

DOCTOR:

No time for epiphanies.

PANDA:

You're right. I've been misled. Iris has been misguided.

DOCTOR:

It's time to put things right.

PANDA:

Do you really think we can convince them all to come back? Gertrude, Salvador, Ernest and Pablo? Can we really get the geniuses to return to Paris?

DOCTOR:

We must! So come on – we're making a whistle stop tour round the whole world!

PANDA:

And I can make amends for all those rotten reviews! I hope Iris won't be too cross with me...

DOCTOR:

Get inside!

FX: QUICK STEPS, DOORS CLOSE. BEAT. DEMATERIALISATION.

SCENE 61: **EXT. PAVEMENT CAFÉ**

HEX:

How long did he say they'd be away?

ACE:

The blink of an eye.

HEX:

Huh! That could mean anything.

ACE:

I don't trust that Panda. He gives me the creeps.

HEX:

Hang on – there's Kevin going right past us. (CALLING) Kevin!
Where's Isabel?

KEVIN:

(COMING OVER) She's gone. Back to the U.S.

ACE:

You let her go without you?

KEVIN:

She made her choice.

HEX:

Whoa there, soft lad. You should be looking after her better.

KEVIN:

What's it got to do with you?

HEX:

Cos she trusted me. She told me – your news.

KEVIN:

She told you...

HEX:

Yeah, she did.

KEVIN:

Look, I don't have time for this now. I've just seen Iris.
She's told me something I can't quite believe...

HEX:

So sit down and get a grip of yourself.

FX: SCRAPE OF CHAIRS AS THEY ALL SIT.

ACE:

What's Iris been filling your head with, Kevin?

KEVIN:

That's just it. She says it's Dora Muse who's been getting into my head... literally.

ACE:

It's Iris you have to watch out for. Anyway, the Professor is going to sort her out.

KEVIN:

What's he going to do?

ACE:

He's going back to the salon tonight. He's going to crash it – with Panda. They're both going to confront her in front of her fancy friends, and let everyone what she's been up to!

HEX:

I hope he knows what he's doing, that's all.

SCENE 62: INT. BOOKSHOP

FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR AND PANDA EMERGE. FOOTSTEPS.

PANDA:

That was quite an excursion! How many was it? Nineteen stops? How long were we away, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

About seven hours, local time.

FX: CLOSES DOOR.

PANDA:

But we spent a fortnight with Picasso in Spain alone! All those lovely pictures he did of me...

DOCTOR:

You should be quite accustomed to time travel.

PANDA:

Oh, I am. You're just a lot more organised about it than Iris is. Erm... where are we now?

DOCTOR:

This is the bookshop of Dora Muse. Come and see this map of hers...

FX: FOOTSTEPS OVER TO MAP FX (AS BEFORE).

PANDA:

Blimey! The map of souls. Iris told me a little about Braak technology. The famous Soul Engines. The kinds of things they can do to each others' minds...

DOCTOR:

I see our recent efforts are paying off. Look – the lights are returning to Paris.

PANDA:

And history is back on track, I hope? (BEAT) Hang on! Each of these little flames represents a true genius?

DOCTOR:

Indeed they do.

PANDA:

I hate to be immodest, Doctor – but I can't see me, can you? Or you, for that matter. What's wrong with us? Why don't we count?

FX: DORA STEPS INTO OFFICE

DORA:

Oh, but you do count. You both do.

PANDA:

I'm relieved to hear it.

DOCTOR:

Nice to see you again, Dora.

PANDA:

Doctor, why is she holding a needle gun type thingy against my neck?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure. Shall we ask her?

DORA:

It won't hurt. I just need a little taste..

PANDA:

I don't contain a single drop of serotonin, if that's what you're after. You'll be disappointed, dearie.

DOCTOR:

His insides don't work like that. Put the device down, Dora. We're all friends here.

DORA:

This stuffed creature and Iris Wildthyme are no friends of mine.

DOCTOR:

So you said. And I believed every word. Now I'm wondering..

PANDA:

What are you wondering?

DOCTOR:

I wonder whether I've been seeing things in black and white, Panda...

DORA:

You will come with me to the salon this evening. It's almost time. And together we will beard my nemesis in her luxurious den...

SCENE 63: INT. IRIS'S SALON

FX: FADE UP – LOUD, JOYOUS, IMPROVISED JAZZ PIANO. HAPPY, JOSTLING, DANCING CROWD.

IRIS:

It's Friday night! Come in, one! Come in, all! Way-hey! I mean... Ooh la la!

FX: SNIFFING ANTEATER ON LEAD.

DALI:

(APPROACHING) Madame? Madame Wildthyme?

IRIS:

Salvador!! Oh no! – What are you doing here?

DALI:

I am Dali. I am back.

IRIS:

Who said you could bring your anteater up here?

DALI:

I have returned to Paris. After a surreal few days during which I was working in a bank. But here I am. With my anteater.

IRIS:

You can't be! I sent you away!

DALI:

The little man and his Panda friend. They appeared out of nowhere in a blue box. It was the strangest thing Dali has ever seen. And that is saying something.

IRIS:

What?! They did *what*?!

DALI:

And they convinced me to return to Paris at once. This is the only place for geniuses such as I.

IRIS:

But they're ruining things! Oh, Panda! What are you doing, lovey? Why are you suddenly working against me?

SCENE 64: **INT. STAIRCASE TO IRIS'S SALON**

FX: MUSIC MUFFLED. FOOTSTEPS GOING UPSTAIRS.

ACE:

Iris won't turn nasty, will she, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I can't be sure.

HEX:

I can't believe she ever would. She's been good to me.

DOCTOR:

You've been flattered by her, Hex.

PANDA:

Thank you for carrying me up all these stairs to the salon, Miss Ace. They're tough on my little legs.

ACE:

Whatever. Come on.

FX: OPENS DOOR, INTO...

SCENE 65: INT. IRIS'S SALON [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

Here we are! And there she is... the lady herself.

PANDA:

Doctor! I spy... Gertrude Stein! Look! She's doing the twist with Salvador Dali! Our little sidesteps worked!

IRIS:

(COMING OVER) Doctor! You're back again.

FX: THE BLACK BOTTOM PLAYS.

DOCTOR:

Oh!! Listen! The Black Bottom!

IRIS:

What about it?

DOCTOR:

Shut up and dance with me, woman!

FX: MUSIC DEAFENING. THEY DANCE OFF...

IRIS:

(WHOOPIING!)

FX: WE STAY WITH ONLOOKERS...

PANDA:

This could go on for some time.

HEX:

I've never seen the Doctor like this.

ACE:

Yeah, he's quite a mover!

PANDA:

And so am I! Would you like a bop with me, Miss Ace?

ACE:

No. Way.

CROSS TO...

SCENE 66: INT. IRIS'S SALON — DANCEFLOOR [CONTINUOUS]

FX: MUSIC AND STRENUOUS DANCING.

DOCTOR:

You've been up to no good, Iris. Yet again.

IRIS:

I'm always a bit naughty. You love it, really.

DOCTOR:

I've become less forgiving as I've got older.

IRIS:

I can see that. You're a troubled soul, in this body. Just looking into your eyes...

DOCTOR:

Yes?

IRIS:

You've got the weight of the galaxy on your shoulders.

DOCTOR:

Even when I'm dancing?

IRIS:

I can tell. I've known you a very long time, lovey.

DOCTOR:

So you have. That's why I'm so disappointed to catch you vandalising history, and kidnapping innocents.

IRIS:

Kidnapping who?

FX: MUSIC BECOMES SOFTER. LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE. CROSS BACK TO...

SCENE 67: **INT. IRIS'S SALON [CONTINUOUS]**

HEX:

I'd love to know what they're talking about, them two.

ACE:

She's up to something. Probably trying to tell him that she's done nothing wrong.

HEX:

Maybe she hasn't? She seems okay to me.

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)

(GASPS AND MURMURS AS A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER ARRIVES...)

HEX:

Hang on... what's going on?

ACE:

A new arrival. And they're causing a bit of a stir.

SCENE 68: INT. IRIS'S SALON — DANCEFLOOR [CONTINUOUS]

FX: STILL DANCING.

DOCTOR:

I know everything, Iris. Dora Muse has told me the whole lot. How you kidnapped her and brought her to Earth...

IRIS:

What?! No!

DOCTOR:

Who else could have brought her from Braak? — Ah, and here she is now.

IRIS:

Here?!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING, COMMANDINGLY) Stop the music!!

FX: THE BAND STOP. SILENCE.

DOCTOR:

Step forward, Dora Muse.

FX: CROWD DRAWS BACK. DORA STEPS FORWARD.

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)

(GASPS, CRIES, MURMURS)

DORA:

I am here, Doctor.

IRIS:

Look, I know she's not from round here. But I still never kidnapped her!

DORA:

(LAUGHING) Not from round here! (TO ALL) I am an alien being from another world. I was brought here against my will!

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)

(GASPS, CRIES, MURMURS)

SCENE 69: **INT. IRIS'S SALON [CONTINUOUS]**

KEVIN

(ARRIVING) Another world! Then it's true...!

ACE:

Kevin! What are you doing here? I thought you'd agreed to go after Isabel!

HEX:

She's having your baby, fella!

SCENE 70: INT. IRIS'S SALON — DANCEFLOOR [CONTINUOUS]

IRIS:

Doctor, you can't take the word of this green and purple trollop over mine.

DOCTOR:

Why should I believe you, Iris? You always lie!

IRIS:

I wasn't kidnapping her. I was *pursuing* her! The Queen of Braak summoned me and asked me to go *after* her. Dora Muse is out of control! She's a monster! *She's a brain vampire!!*

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)
(GASPS. MAYBE EVEN APPLAUSE)

DOCTOR:

But... she told me...

IRIS:

You've got it wrong, Doctor. You chose her over me!

DOCTOR:

She told me that she's starving. She had to have serotonin or he would die. It wouldn't hurt anyone, but it would save her life...

IRIS:

She drinks brain fluid because she loves it! That's why! She just likes the taste!

DOCTOR:

Dora, is this true?

DORA:

Oh, Doctor... you have been a little naïve.

IRIS:

You've indulged a monster, Doctor. Because you assumed I was in the wrong, you've doomed the whole lot of us. And it isn't just a little sip she wants. She wants to *drink all of our brains...!*
In a genius smoothie!

DORA:

I'm so hungry. I can smell genius in the air...

SALON GUESTS: (WILDTRACK)
(SHRINK BACK, ALARMED)

DOCTOR:

Then why don't you focus all your attention on the greatest genius in the room, eh, Dora?

ACE:

(COMING FORWARD) Professor – what are you doing? Be careful!

DOCTOR:

I know what I'm doing, Ace.

IRIS:

Oo-er. I'm not so sure you do, lovey. The Queen of Braak warned me about her. She's a wrong 'un!

DORA:

So much choice, Doctor! A salon filled with wonderful minds!
(ALoud) Look, all of you. Look upon the face of Dora Muse, and feel inspired...! – Like Picasso did, and Matisse and all the others...!! (LAUGHS)

FX: MUSICAL EFFECT AS SHE TAKES DOWN HOOD TO REVEAL HER FACE.

DORA:

(MONSTROUS) Now which one shall I choose?!

SALON GUESTS:

(CRIES OF PANIC AND DISMAY)

CROSS TO...

SCENE 71: INT. IRIS'S SALON [CONTINUOUS]

KEVIN:

Her face! It's like, like...

HEX:

Kevin, mate, I don't know much about art, but that's just grim.
(CALLING) That's it, folks. Everybody out!! Out!!

FX: GUESTS BEGIN RUNNING FOR DOORS. STAMPEDING. CROSS BACK TO...

SCENE 72: INT. IRIS'S SALON — DANCEFLOOR [CONTINUOUS]

DORA:

I have chosen. I have chosen... you, Iris Wildthyme!

ACE:

Her?! You can't choose her!!

DOCTOR:

I have to admit, I'm surprised. And strangely disappointed.

IRIS:

Right this moment, chuck, I'd settle for 'disappointed'.

DORA:

Surrender to me, Iris Wildthyme.

IRIS:

Never!

DORA:

Then watch as I suck the brain of the creature you care for most in the universe!

FX: DORA LUNGES FOR PANDA.

PANDA:

(GRABBED) Oh! Oh no!

ACE:

She's got Panda!

DOCTOR:

Again, I'm strangely disappointed.

DORA:

Do not resist me... little bear...

PANDA:

(STRUGGLING) *Bear..?!*

FX: BUZZING BRAIN FLUID EXTRACTOR, AS BEFORE. CONTINUES...

DORA:

Hold still, Panda. While I extract the very essence of you!

HEX:

(COMING OVER) Doctor, Ace, we should split.

KEVIN:

Come on! While that thing's distracted!

ACE:

We can't!

HEX:

Look, it's only a panda.

ACE:

It's not only a panda, it's Panda! I can't believe I'm actually saying this!

FX: NOTRE DAME BELLS BEGIN TO CHIME, AS BEFORE — BUT SIX O'CLOCK.

IRIS:

Hear that, vampire? That's six o'clock. That's dawn!

DORA:

Dawn?! Oh no-!

ACE:

(REALISATION) That's it. Dora's a vampire!

HEX:

Eh?

IRIS:

Ace, you understand. You take the left, I'll take the right.

ACE:

Got you.

HEX:

Left? Right?

ACE:

Curtains, dummy!

DOCTOR:

(CLICKS FINGERS) Of course — Dora Muse is vulnerable to sunlight! Hence the mantilla!

ACE:

Now, Iris!

FX: ACE & IRIS TEAR DOWN GREAT HEAVY CURTAINS — LEFT & RIGHT RESPECTIVELY.

IRIS:

There, Dora Muse — feel that glorious Parisian sunlight on your face!

FX: DORA'S REAL BODY CRYSTALLISING AND FALLING TO PIECES

DORA:

No! No! Noooo— (CUTS DEAD SUDDENLY)

FX: SUDDEN SILENCE. PANDA FALLS TO FLOOR. ALL RUSH OVER.

HEX:

She's gone.

DOCTOR:

Just like that. Gone to dust and ashes.

IRIS:

Panda, lovey. Panda, are you all right? (BEAT) Panda. Panda!
Speak to me, Panda!!

ACE:

Iris... I think... I think Panda's gone too.

IRIS:

Oh no, no!!

DOCTOR:

No, that's not possible. Panda's brain wasn't compatible with Dora's device. (REALISATION) Everyone, step away from the Panda!

IRIS:

No! Why...?

PANDA:

(DORA'S INTONATION, BUT PANDA'S VOICE) I thought you were the greatest genius in the room, Iris Wildthyme?

DOCTOR:

Dora's used her psychic powers! She's escaped into Panda!

PANDA:

(DORA'S INTONATION, BUT PANDA'S VOICE) Into this tatty little cloth body! Oh, how the mighty have fallen!

ACE:

Panda's eyes... they're glowing purple and green!

IRIS:

Oh, Panda lovey! What has Dora Muse done to you...?!

PANDA:

And what have you done to my body, you hideous harpy?!

IRIS:

I knew Earth sunlight was inimical to Braakians. I had hoped not to have to inflict this on you, Dora. But you'd have devoured us all in the end, wouldn't you?

PANDA:

Curse you, Iris Wildthyme!! (HISSES – THEN LEGS IT)

FX: PANDA RUNNING.

DOCTOR:

She's making a run for it!

KEVIN:

I'll get it! I used to play basketball!

HEX:

That way there's only the rooftop garden!

ACE:

Just get after her!

FX: ALL PURSUING PANDA.

SCENE 73: **EXT. ROOFTOP**

FX: RIVER AND DISTANT TRAFFIC NOISE. LOUVRED ROOF DOOR BURSTS OPEN. PANDA RACES THROUGH, FOLLOWED BY KEVIN.

PANDA:

(POSSESSED BY DORA THROUGHOUT) Curse these little legs...!

KEVIN:

There's nowhere to run, Panda...! (DIVES — EFFORT — GRABS PANDA)

PANDA:

Agh! Get off me!!

KEVIN:

You've spoiled everything! Everything!

PANDA:

Unhand me, you idiot!

FX: DESPERATE SCUFFLE. MEANWHILE, HEX, ACE, DOCTOR & IRIS EXIT BEHIND.

ACE:

Be careful, Kevin. He's still got that needle gun thing!

FX: PANDA ACTIVATES DORA'S NEEDLE GUN. BUZZ.

IRIS:

Panda, lovey, if you're still in there — fight it!

PANDA:

The being known as Panda no longer exists! There is only I — Dora Muse!

HEX:

They're a bit close to the edge. We're six flights up here.

DOCTOR:

I don't like this, Iris. Is that a sheer drop?

IRIS:

Into the river — yes! It's a lovely view...

FX: KEVIN/PANDA STRUGGLE CONTINUES, AS PANDA TRIES TO PIERCE KEVIN'S BRAIN WITH BUZZING PROBE...

PANDA:

Poor, stupid Kevin. Your feeble brain is barely worth sucking!

KEVIN:

You lied to me. You said I was a poet. A true poet.

PANDA:

You were nothing but third-rate imitator before I stuffed you with a spark of genius. I cultivated you, Kevin, like the force-fed geese they eat as a delicacy in this metropolis!

KEVIN:

Like – like *foie gras*?!

KEVIN:

You were never anything special. And do you know something else?

KEVIN:

What?

PANDA:

Your poems stank.

KEVIN:

You monster! I've sacrificed everything for art! Money, status, Isabel's love! But if I've got no talent... if I cannot create... then I can at least destroy!

HEX:

Getting really close to the edge now...

ACE:

Kevin's doing it on purpose. Kevin, stop!!

IRIS:

He'll destroy Panda!

ACE:

Panda's gone, Iris.

IRIS:

I know my Panda.

DOCTOR:

Kevin, Dora – both of you, stop fighting!

PANDA:

Face it, Kevin – you are hopeless! Useless! Talentless!

KEVIN:

Then I don't want to live!

IRIS:

I think we're past talking now, Doctor. (RACES FORWARD)
Panda...!!!

DOCTOR:

Iris, no!!

FX: IRIS THUNDERS FORWARD. FLINGS HERSELF AT PANDA AND KEVIN.

IRIS:

Give me back my Panda!!

DOCTOR:

They're going over. I've got to— (REALISATION) Ace, let go of me!

ACE:

Don't be stupid!

IRIS: /KEVIN: /PANDA:

(WOBBLING, FALLING OVER BALCONY) Oh — oh — ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!

DOCTOR:

IRIS!!!

FX: FALLING — AND EVENTUAL SPLASH OF THREE BODIES INTO RIVER.
DOCTOR, ACE, HEX DASH TO EDGE.

ACE:

Careful of the edge. That masonry looks well iffy.

DOCTOR:

They've gone. Swallowed up by the Seine.

HEX:

They can't have just gone!

ACE:

Hex, mate — they're not resurfacing.

HEX:

I'm going down there...

DOCTOR:

I think it's already too late.

SCENE 74: **EXT. CAFÉ SELECT**

FX: PAVEMENT CAFÉ AMBIENCE. MUSIC, CHATTER.

ACE:

I still can't believe it.

DOCTOR:

Things are back to normal. I bumped into Ernest Hemingway in the Marais yesterday afternoon. He was as bumptious as ever.

ACE:

And that's all that matters, is it? That the right geniuses are back in the right places? That history gets back on track?

DOCTOR:

Of course it matters, Ace.

ACE:

But what about Kevin? Are you saying it doesn't matter that he's dead?

DOCTOR:

Time has closed over his head. Causing only a few small ripples. Sometimes that's the way.

ACE:

You can be callous.

DOCTOR:

He was a poet. Sometimes poets follow their muses too far. They follow them to the brink of doom. And beyond.

ACE:

What about your friend, Iris? And Panda? You haven't said much about them leaping to their doom...

DOCTOR:

She was doing the right thing after all. Sending away all the people of real genius in order to protect them. I... jumped to conclusions. I was wrong.

ACE:

You admit it?

DOCTOR:

The thing about Iris is... she often gives every impression of being in the wrong.

ACE:

Gave every impression. Past tense.

DOCTOR:

I don't think Iris will ever die, somehow. Death doesn't seem like something she'd put up with.

FX: PUTS DOWN CUP AND STANDS.

DOCTOR:

Now, where's Hex?

ACE:

He's at the hospital again. On the island. He's been checking every morning, noon and night this past few days. Seeing if any bodies have been recovered from the river.

DOCTOR:

It was almost a week ago. There won't be anyone washed ashore now.

ACE:

Time has moved on, you mean.

DOCTOR:

As it always must, Ace. As it always must.

FX: SETS DOWN COINS. THE TWO STEP AWAY INTO STREET.

DOCTOR:

Come on. There's one more thing we have to do before we leave Paris...

CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 75: **EXT. OBSCURE QUAI BY THE SEINE**

FX: BELLS TOLLING, BIRDS SINGING, FOOTSTEPS ALONG QUAI

ACE:

Of course. Iris's bus. We can't just leave it here in the middle of the city...

DOCTOR:

Well remembered, Ace. We don't want it falling into the wrong hands... (SURPRISE) Ah!

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

ACE:

What is it, Professor?

DOCTOR:

See for yourself! It's gone! It's dematerialised...!

ACE:

Does that mean...?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I think it probably does...!

SCENE 76: INT. LE PAMPELMOUSSE – OFFICE

FX: FRENETIC TYPING.

PANDA:

(NARRATION) And so here I am. Pouring out my thoughts and feelings – albeit in beautiful prose – about these past few weeks in Paris. I'm back in my office at the art journal known as Le Pampelmousse. I have very little recollection of washing ashore on the Ile de-la-Cite. But I did. A soggy, sodden mess in the gutter. Pecked at by savage gulls, and all alone.

I came to my senses and hauled myself onto the quai. How had I survived? And how had my sanity returned...? I thought long and deep. I could feel no trace of that devilish woman Dora Muse still inside my mind. She had been exorcised. *Expunged*. Unable to exist for any length of time in a brain such as mine. Thank goodness.

But what now? I am all alone in Paris. All I can do is write this account of what happened to me, over these past few weeks...

FX: KNOCKING ON DOOR DOWNSTAIRS.

PANDA:

(NARRATION) ... immortalising the peculiar goings-on in my own inimitable style...

FX: LOUDER, INSISTENT KNOCKING.

PANDA:

Go away!! I am writing!!

FX: EVEN LOUDER KNOCKING.

PANDA:

I said – leave me alone!!

FX: IMPATIENT BANGING ON DOOR

IRIS:

(OFF, BELOW) But Panda, lovey! It's us...!

PANDA:

What?!

FX: CUT TO...

SCENE 77: EXT. LE PAMPELMOUSSE BUILDING [MOMENTS LATER]

FX: TRAFFIC, BIRDSONG. FROM INSIDE, PANDA UNBOLTING DOOR. FLINGS OPEN FRONT DOOR.

IRIS:
Tah-dah!

PANDA:
It's you!

IRIS:
It's us!

PANDA:
Us— (SEEING) Mr Kevin! You're alive!

KEVIN:
I know, can you believe it?

PANDA:
I don't understand.

KEVIN:
Iris will explain.

IRIS:
As I leaped to grab the pair of you, I was clutching a remote control device. I meant to materialise my beautiful, trusty Number 22 around Kevin and myself, of course, seconds after we entered the water.

PANDA:
Of course— (SHARPLY) Just Kevin and yourself?

IRIS:
I knew Dora Muse wouldn't last long in your brain, Panda. A good soak in the Seine was all that was needed. I knew you'd be fine, lovey. Although — (SNIFFS) — your fur smells a bit.

PANDA:
But all that was a week ago!

IRIS:
Yeah, the bus materialised around us alright, but then when it came to rematerialise us out of the Seine, we slipped forward a week.

PANDA:
Now I understand!!

IRIS:

Come on – there's not a moment to lose. The bus is back by the Quai. We're going to drop Kevin off with his in-laws and Isabel in Chicago...

KEVIN:

Oh yes, please. If they'll still have me. If Isabel will take me back.

IRIS:

Of course she will, lovey. All's well that ends well, you'll see.

KEVIN:

I don't know how you're going to drive all the way to Chicago, but I'd believe just about anything now...

PANDA:

What about your poems?

KEVIN:

I've got lots of art in me. You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna write down everything that's happened to me in Paris, and I'm gonna take it down to Hollywoodland, and I'm gonna get Mr Samuel Goldwyn to make it all into a movie!

PANDA:

Good luck with that.

IRIS:

And then, Panda – we're off! Back into the wide blue yonder!

PANDA:

Hurray!

IRIS:

I'm sorry we made you think we were goners, chuck. On the bright side: just think of the look on the Doctor's face the day we run into him again...!

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME.

THE END